# Spirit of the Times

## A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE { CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1840.

VOL. IX.—No 44.


PROPERTY OF THE NEW-YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY

**Contents of To-day's Paper.**


| SPORTING DEPARTMENT— | page |
|---|---|
| Louisville Races:—The First Race between Wagner and Grey Eagle, etc. | 522 |
| "Boots" on Breeding | 523 |
| On Dits in Sporting Circles | " |
| English Two year old Winners | 517 |
| An Original Angling Sketch; by Geo. W. Bradbury, Esq. | 524 |
| The Life of a Jockey, and on Wasting. | 518 |
| The Sporting Looker-on | " |
| Winter Shooting | " |
| End of the English Racing Season | 519 |
| Great Match against Time | " |
| AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT. | |
| Essay on Roaring | 525 |
| Cows Fed Alone on Corn will not Thrive | " |
| Hair of the Horse | " |

| THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT— | page |
|---|---|
| Things Theatrical for the Week | 528 |
| Theatrical On Dits | " |
| Musical Intelligence | " |
| Extracts from Knowles' New Play | " |
| LITERARY DEPARTMENT. | |
| An Irish Legend of Billy Duffy | 520 |
| Marriage in High Life | 519 |
| MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT. | |
| The Turf Register | 517 |
| Paint and no Paint | 528 |
| Anecdote of a Favorite Dog | 517 |
| Anecdote of Mr. Coutts | 528 |
| Miss Farren, Countess of Derby | " |
| The "Discipline" of the London Horse "Repositories" | 526 |
| To Correspondents | 517 |


### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Boots" will accept our congratulations upon getting clear of his "rhumatiz"; his communication evinces that the mind has all along been right. May he long continue his "walks"!

The "purse" enclosed by J. M. H. reached us in safety, and the credits have been given.

The suggestion of J. C. N. as to the publication of the Rules of the New York Jockey Club is favorably regarded. We shall take pains to procure a copy, and will either give it in the "Spirit of the Times," or send it on to Alabama.

The favor of E. R. is acknowledged with thanks. The exchange shall be made as desired. The eleven Nos. have not yet reached us, but are presumed to be safely *en route*. P. S. They have arrived.

The suggestion of a subscriber in North Carolina in regard to the character of the selections for these columns, shall be weighed with candor. R. C. H. will of course appreciate the difficulty of suiting every taste, and believe that no pains are spared to make our miscellany as agreeable as possible.

We hope B. F. H. has received a reply to his communication of the 23d ult., by mail ere this.

The report sent by W. F. D. is received. He would doubtless oblige the owners of horses in his vicinity by reporting all the races which come off over his course. Mr. D. will observe that the advertisement of his sweepstake has been placed in its appropriate column; the proper charge for the insertion has likewise been made upon our books.

We acknowledge the favor of J. T. D. of the 13th ult. The desired change has already been made. Mr. D. would confer a distinguished favor by sending us a report of the races which came off last week at Galveston Island. We desire the "Spirit of the Times" to contain the record of every race meeting in Texas, believing that fine country, as it is so well fitted for rearing the blood horse, destined to high renown in the annals of the Turf.

We acknowledge further the favor of our distinguished correspondent A. P. In his case, too, the proper change has been made. We are delighted to hear of the number of horses at New Orleans, and would that we could have been present at the races. How true is our correspondent's estimate of the Kentuckians and Tennesseans, among whom we recently sojourned with so much pleasure:—

"I hope the extension of your tour through the Western Country from Louisville was agreeable? But I need scarcely ask such a question. I am sure it was. They are a noble race of people in that region, and their faults all lean to the right side."

In attending to orders for the purchase of stock, &c., the letter of E. C., Esq., dated the 27th inst. shall not be overlooked, and pains shall be taken to find a customer.

In our next we will attend to that portion of W. H.'s letter unnoticed this week, and which we promised in our letter.

B. C has our grateful acknowledgements for his communication and enclosure.

The names of Ruby, Penelope, Milliner, Robt. Emmett, Queen of Spades, Lœna, Pantalette, Ruffle, and Tournure are claimed.

The letters of C. I. have been received, and will be answered forthwith.

T. G.'s letter dated from Hyde Park came safe, and his request has been attended to. His kind wishes are sincerely reciprocated.

S. McC.'s letter relative to his trotting stallion is perfectly satisfactory. He will hear from us in a day or two.

"The Wild Horses" are very clever. We will advertise your loss next week.

G. W. D. Send us a description of your setters.

J. H. S. It will save time if you will send your terms; you can rely on a good situation.

R. P. is apprised that we have a trainer, *the* colt, and a trotting stallion for him, and are on the trail of a gardener.

Both of G. G.'s letters have been received, and will be replied to early next week.

Jeremy Tickletrout's letter comes under the head of what Kit North termed the "Balaam" portion of his correspondence. It cost us half a dollar, but would be dear at sixpence.

The "two shillings worth of good will" is welcome; "the smallest favors," etc.

The Holly Springs races in our next.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 4, 1840.

### THE TURF REGISTER.

The January Number of this Magazine is published this day, it being the commencement of the Eleventh Volume of the work. It is somewhat peculiar that the Magazine which has endured the longest in the United States, and which, we hope, still promises to endure for ages, is a pure Sporting Journal. The reader will be puzzled to name any modern magazine which has reached the age of the "old Turf Register." Many may number more *volumes*, but none of those now in existence, which are familiar to us, have seen so many *years*.

The first No. of the Turf Register was published in September, in the year 1829, by J. S. Skinner, Esq., who, for many years, controlled the destinies of this pioneer of American sporting literature. Under the very able management of Mr. Skinner, the Register attained a wide celebrity, and the first three volumes of it are certainly superior in value and interest to any three consecutive volumes of any magazine within our knowledge. The mines of American sporting, which were opened by Mr. Skinner, were all rich, and the earliest labors of his contributors yielded the pure ore, with no expense to the projectors. Subsequently, as the novelty of the publication ceased, the work fell off gradually in interest—old contributors became weary, and little expense was incurred to recruit new ones. Yet, for several years, the work was carried on with little show of opposition, till in the year 1835, when the "Spirit of the Times," in its present shape, and somewhat in its present character, came into the field The "Spirit" had already obtained a considerable circulation, the first number having been published in December 1831; but it had passed through various hands, and the purpose of its original editor and proprietor (who is still happy and proud to stand at the helm of the staunch craft) had not been steadily preserved, nor, when followed, carried out. In January, 1835, the "Spirit" again came under the management of the present editor; its original objects were again set up and again advocated with zeal and energy, and from that time forward the Turf Register found an active though friendly competitor. But no corresponding effort was made, on the part of the proprietors, to meet the emergency—the rival was probably deemed less formidable than he really proved; the subscribers to the magazine were gradually falling off, but the acknowledged want of such a publication was manifest in the number who still clung to the old work, although almost all were "on with the new." In January, 1839, the Magazine became the property by purchase of the proprietors of the weekly paper, who by infusing somewhat more of spirit into the management of the work, and changing its plan a little to suit the altered circumstances of the publication, have not only arrested the loss of old subscribers, but have brought the current to set slowly but surely in the other direction.

So extensive interests are now involved in breeding horses, and in Turf events, that a weekly newspaper is absolutely demanded by sportsmen, as loudly as a political partisan desires his peculiar organ. In obedience to this call the "Spirit of the Times," was called into being, and the monthly publication lost at once much of its value as a mere news-distributor. It found itself anticipated, and necessarily so by its more busy contemporary, the weekly journal, and perhaps a wise discretion and forecast would have pointed to a corresponding change to be made in the conduct of the work itself. By the present proprietors, this change was made at the beginning of the 10th volume, and while the "Turf Register" no longer vies with its younger associate in giving "the latest news," it yet preserves most of its leading original features, and without clashing with any other publication, it occupies a rank among American periodicals worthy of the interests to which it is devoted.

It is intended to preserve in a convenient form the history of the American Turf—to combine the materials for a thorough investigation of our blood stock, and to perpetuate the scattered records of the olden time in relation to imported horses and their descendants. But in addition to these points of obvious utility, the "Turf Register" has since its commencement, been enriched and enlivened with details of all manly pastimes, and this feature, stamped upon the work so firmly by its projector, has been, and will continue to be, preserved under its present managers.

It would be idle to refer the reader particularly to the articles in the present number—the table of contents may be found in another column—but it may not be amiss to reiterate that the reader of this paper will not find the Magazine (the present or any future number) an abstract of the paper. It is conducted on its peculiar plan as a perfectly distinct and independent work. It is besides a handsome periodical, well printed, and illustrated at great expense.

*The Knickerbocker.*—The December number of this magazine is upon our table, and we are reminded to speak of it by the circumstances of a change of the proprietorship of the work, and the conclusion of its fourteenth volume. To make amends for past neglect, we have given an insertion among our advertisements of the Prospectus of the next, or XVth. Volume. From that we learn that Mr. Edson has disposed of his interest in the work to his partner, Mr. Clark, who still continues the editor. Arrangements have been made to ensure the punctual publication of the work on the 1st of each month—an object, by the way, less easily attained than the uninitiated would imagine.

In the number of this magazine before us, Geoffrey Crayon's delightful story of "Mountjoy, the Castle-Builder," is continued. It is indeed one of his most curious fanciful tales; any magazine which incurs the expense of such a contributor as Washington Irving, deserves the most solid support, and this, we trust, the "Knickerbocker" receives. The magazine does credit to the literature of the country, and is decidedly superior to the average of the English periodicals

*Mrs. Mason's Re-publications.*—While upon the subject of magazines, it is fit to acknowledge the receipt of the "Edinburgh," the "Quarterly," and the "Foreign Quarterly" Reviews, from Mrs. Mason—late Mrs. Lewer. They are very neatly re-printed, and are sold at a price extremely low. The October numbers of both the Quarterly and the Edinburgh are very interesting; the latter contains another long paper from Lord Brougham, being a continuation of his sketches of distinguished Statesmen and Orators.

### ENGLISH TWO YEAR OLD WINNERS.

December 18th, 1839.

*Mr. Editor*,—In your paper of the 7th inst. you give some account of the news by "the Liverpool," which is, I think, in its bearing and influence, likely to do injustice. The hasty examination of the English Sporting works is, no doubt, the cause of the erroneous and unjust remarks to which I allude. I will not permit myself to doubt for a moment your intention to do justice to all, nor will I doubt your willingness to correct any errors which may have crept into your paper.

You say, "*Wardan* is now first favorite for the Derby—17 to 1 being the latest odds about him that we have seen quoted. He is by Glencoe, out of Margillina, by Whisker. He has won all his 2 yr. old engagements for which he has started. The Glencoes generally have run with great success this year, as have the Emancipations."

"Bell's Life" of Nov. 10 makes the Angelica colt (by Clearwell) a rather better favorite than Wardan, and Weatherby's Racing Calendar makes *Launcelot* (by Camel) the best favorite. This, however, is a matter of small moment. No colt is a decided or very good favorite at this time.

I agree that Glencoe's 2 yr olds (the oldest of his get) have ran well, and if I use a more modest compliment than you do, in saying that "they have generally run with great success," I think my expression is more correct, and borne out by the facts of the case. It should be stated that Glencoe made a full season in 1836—covered, I think, forty-nine mares—a better lot of mares than any in the kingdom, owing to various reasons, which it is useless to advert to. Wardan is a good colt, and has won all the engagements for which he has started. But he did not start in his best engagements—some of the principal stakes at Newmarket—because he was in the same stake with *Crucifix*, and was found on trial to be inferior to her with her 7 lbs. and 9 lbs. extra weight." Wardan and Crucifix belong to different owners, and the former would certainly have started for some of the big things had he a chance of winning. *Darkness* won three, but was beaten (and not placed) by Crucifix, carrying 9 lbs. extra. Another filly divided a stake. Eight Glencoes have been out—two have won—one has divided a stake—and five have started without winning. When you publish the running of the 2 yr. olds in England and Ireland, this will be shown to be the true state of the case.

Tha Emancipations have won the number of times you mention, but *the prizes were inferior*—and he has had no winner at all at the best courses—Newmarket, Doncaster, Goodwood, Ascot, &c. The number of races won furnishes a very unsafe criterion to judge of a horse. The winning of the Queen's Plate, nearly four miles, at Newmarket, by *Fame*, by Margrave, beating a strong field, is worth more to her sire's reputation than the winning of a dozen country prizes, at inferior courses.

You say, "the 2 yr. old Priams have not run well, save only the great Crucifix, who has won every stake, save the last, for which she has started." In this you do the Priams injustice. An examination of the running of the 2 yr. olds in England and Ireland will show this result. Nine Priams started, and won 13½ times, including all the big things at Newmarket and Goodwood; eight Glencoes started, and won 6½ times.—*Welfare*, a Priam, ran third for the great 2 yr. old (Anglesea) Stakes, and won 3 good sweepstakes, all at the Curragh. *Cork* started twice, and was placed in both races. *Polydorus* started once, and ran second. *Shark* started three times, and was placed in all, and was second twice. *Trojana* started four times, and won twice. Three others started without being placed. Of Crucifix I say nothing at present.

Of the eight Glencoes that have been out—Wardan won four times, and was not beaten, though he paid forfeit to Crucifix, carrying extra weight, for several stakes. Darkness won twice, and beaten and not placed once. Another filly divided a sweepstakes. *Lucy* started twice, and was second both times. Filly out of Madaline started once, and was third. And three others started without being placed.

Now, saying nothing of Crucifix, it is evident that the performances of the 2 yr. old Priams have been good. They have run at the most fashionable courses, and have won five prizes at Newmarket, and [illegible] five generally run forward. The Glencoes have won 6½ times, (3½ times at Newmarket, and once each at Salisbury, Bath, and Winchester,) and have run forward several other times. While the Glencoes have run well—the Priams have run with about the same success. And this, without saying any thing of Crucifix, probably the best 2 yr. old that ever started in England, certainly the best according to public running, and at least 9lb. better than any other 2 yr. old that has yet been out. For though, after a dead heat, she walked over and divided the stakes with Gibraltar, yet it should be remarked, that that was her ninth race, and she was probably quite stale. Besides, she carried 9lbs. extra, and had much the worse start of all the lot, and Gibraltar is, after her, the best 2 yr. old that has been out.

Let your readers examine the performances of all the 2 yr. olds in England and Ireland, and they will be satisfied that my statement is fully sustained by the facts, and that the 2 yr. old Priams (without saying any thing of Crucifix) have performed well, as have also the Glencoes. Sultan has no 2 yr. old winner—nor has Langar—nor Mulev, unless dividing a stake makes Gibraltar a winner. 11 2 yr. old Liverpools have been out and won 3 times, and Liverpool's price is advanced to 20 gs. next year. 8 Physicians have won 11 times—4 Camels have won 4 times—5 Velocipedes have won 4 times—7 Emilius's have won 5 times. And these are known to be the best stallions in England, their 2 yr. olds being heavily engaged, and of course should have the best winners, and the most of them, and not one of them can compare with Priam.

I will remark, in conclusion, that the Priams, this year, ran forward for all the big 3 yr. old stakes—The Derby—The Oaks—and the St. Leger. They have won a large number of races in England. They have also shown well whenever they have been tried, and have won the best, or among the best, in Ireland, on the Continent, and in the United States. J.

Remarks by the Editor.—It is probable that in making up in great haste, a summary of English news by the *Liverpool*, some inaccuracy both as to expression of opinions and as to facts may have occurred. But the remarks made in the paper of the 7th ult., are still more precise than J.'s communication would lead one to suppose.

First, as to the first favorite. "Bell's Life in London" of the 10th November, does indeed make the Angelica colt a somewhat better favorite than Wardan. But we quoted from a later paper than Bell's Life. The Liverpool brought dates to the 15th from London. On Monday, the 11th November, Wardan was at the head of the list, and two or three points before Launcelot, and the betting of the following Thursday did not shake his position, although Launcelot improved a little. This however is a matter of small moment.

As to the performances of the two year old Priams, the case stands thus. We have again and again acknowledged the staunch running of Crucifix, who has been able, carrying 9lbs. extra, to beat every thing of her year. But, leaving Crucifix out, the record would say that out of seven which have started in England, one won twice. It was upon this, and upon the disproportion of the number of his winners to the number that started, that we founded our remark that "the 2 yr. old Priams have not run well save the great Crucifix." But it is idle to cavil about it; to have got Crucifix only is enough for the reputation of any horse. It is like Economist and Harkaway—what further assurance do breeders desire of the worth of the former?

As to the comparative success of the English stallions in their 2 yr. olds of 1839, in England, the following is even more definite than the statement of our correspondent:—

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 3 | of | the | Get | of | Augustus | have started | and 3 | won 4 times |
| 4 | " | " | " | | Cain | " " | 2 " | 2½ " |
| 4 | " | " | " | | Camel | " " | 2 " | 4 " |
| 1 | " | " | " | | Cetus | " " | 1 " | 1 " |
| 5 | " | " | " | | Defence | " " | 3 " | 8 " |
| 7 | " | " | " | | Emilius | " " | 4 " | 5 " |
| 8 | " | " | " | | Glencoe | " " | 3 " | 6½ " |
| 4 | " | " | " | | Jerry | " " | 2 " | 4 " |
| 11 | " | " | " | | Liverpool | " " | 2 " | 3 " |
| 5 | " | " | " | | Mulatto | " " | 2 " | 5 " |
| 8 | " | " | " | | Physician | " " | 6 " | 11 " |
| 4 | " | " | " | | Plenipo | " " | 1 " | 1 " |
| 8 | " | " | " | | Priam | " " | 2 " | 10½ " |
| 2 | " | " | " | | Reveller | " " | 1 " | 1 " |
| 5 | " | " | " | | Velocipede | " " | 1 " | 4 " |

Next week, we hope to give the whole List of English Winning Horses for 1839, not deferring it, as we have hitherto done, till the commencement of a new volume. In a brief abstract, last week, from this List, no mention is made of the winners in Ireland. The get of Skylark, at 2 yrs. old, ran well there.

### ANECDOTE OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

The only approach to bad feeling which I ever discovered in Rover, was a slight disposition to jealousy; but this in him appeared more a virtue than a vice; for it sprang entirely from affection, and had nothing mean or malicious in it. A single instance will suffice to show the manner in which he expressed this feeling. One day a little strange dog attached himself to me, and followed me home. I took him into the house, and had him fed, intending to keep him till I could discover the owner. For this act of kindness the dog expressed his gratitude in the usual way. Rover, although he used to play the truant, from the moment the little stranger entered the premises, never quitted us till he saw him fairly off. His manner towards us became more ingratiating than usual, and he seemed desirous, by his assiduities and attentions, to show us that we stood in no need of any other favourite or companion. But, at the same time, he displayed no animosity towards his supposed rival. Here was reason and refinement too.

He had formed an attachment to my gardener, and would frequently follow him to his home, where he was caressed by the wife and children. It happened that the poor wife was taken ill, and died. The husband was seriously afflicted, and showed a feeling above the common. At this time, I observed that Rover had quite lost his spirits, and appeared to pine. Seeing him in this state, one day, in company with the widower, and thinking, in some measure, to divert the poor fellow's thoughts from his own sorrows, I remarked to him the state that Rover was in, and asked him if he could guess the cause. "He is fretting after poor Peggy," was his reply, giving vent at the same time, to a flood of tears. He then went on to tell me that, while his wife was ill, Rover was constant in his visits to the cottage, when he would get upon her bed, lie by her and lick her face; and that when she was borne to the grave, he was foremost in the funeral possession. It was some time before he entirely recovered his spirits.

Like most little dogs, Rover had a great soul; yet, as must have been expected, he was no match for the generality of his species. But what he wanted in physicial strength, he made up for in policy. He wisely employed a portion of his riches in subsidizing his poorer, but stronger neighbor; and thus acquired a weight and importance among his own race in the village, to which he could not otherwise lay claim. In plain language, Rover kept a dog in pay to fight his battles for him. This I discovered, by observing that whenever he got a bone which he could not compass, he immediately hid it, and then went off in search of the baker's mastiff, whose more potent jaws soon demolished the provision. This I at first set down to generosity, or a natural love of patronage, till I ascertained the true motive, by observing that, whenever he was attacked by a larger dog than himself, he forthwith set off in search of his Swiss, the said mastiff, to whom he delegated [illegible] thrashing his opponent.

## THE LIFE OF A JOCKEY, AND ON WASTING.

The world are apt to imagine that all persons engaged in pleasurable occupations lead a life of unsullied happiness, forgetting that the daily scenes of gaiety and excitement which give a zest to the enjoyments of those who can use their own discretion in seeking amusements, have not the same influence over the minds of such men as devote their time and skill to the amusements of others. The constant recurrence of similar exhibitions, however exciting they may be, loses their effect by repetition; and the pleasurable feeling of the performer merges into the consideration as to how far his individual interest may be concerned, or the welfare of any particular friend or connexion may be dependent upon the event. Of all the occupations and sciences which are patronized and sought after by way of affording pleasure to the public, a jockey has, perhaps, the most arduous task to perform of any exhibiter. Not only is the responsible office of riding a race attended with very great personal exertion, but the preparation required previous to the performance is, in many cases, very severe, and is accompanied by very great personal deprivation.

For the purpose of complying with the customs of the Turf, which have appointed the weights for race horses to carry considerably below the average standard of the human race, the jockey is under the necessity very frequently of reducing his natural corpulence by a system of training severe and unpleasant, and performed with the most active labor.

How far the custom of carrying such light weights as are usually proposed is consistent with the best policy of our racing laws appears very questionable. Looking to the improvement of our national breed of horses, the object should be to select those possessing the greatest power combined with the most superior speed. There can be no doubt of the fallacy of carrying such light weights; but a custom once established is not easily corrected, however bad the principle may be upon which it is founded; consequently jockeys must submit to the fiat of their superiors, and reduce themselves accordingly. As it may be interesting to those who are not acquainted with the usual preparations resorted to for the purpose of reducing the natural weight, and useful to many who are desirous to become lighter, I will endeavor to enumerate the most important customs to be attended to.

Various constitutions require different treatment: whilst some can scarcely bear any aperient medicine, others require a considerable quantity; some men who are good walkers are under the necessity of performing long and forced marches, whilst there are others who cannot; neither do they require to go any thing like the same distance; some being of a cold nature, with a languid circulation, require a considerable quantity of flannels, vulgarly denominated *sweaters*, and others will obtain the necessary evaporation with very light ones. It is, therefore, impossible to lay down the rule that every man is to take a certain quantity of medicine, walk a specific distance, and with a given quantity of clothing: such things must be regulated by circumstances dependent on the constitution and health of the individual, as also by the weather, weight to be reduced, and the time that can be afforded to accomplish the task in. Many persons are of opinion, and amongst them some in the medical profession, that the course adopted by jockeys to reduce their weight is injurious to their health. Under proper restrictions, and judiciously managed by a man in good health, I have no hesitation in pronouncing it the most certain remedy that he can employ for the preservation of that blessing. To such as labor under consumptive disease, or many other internal complaints, it may be very injurious, but there is no doubt that all classes above the common laborer in this country do not, generally speaking, take sufficient exercise, and eat too much animal food. Strong walking exercise with a light diet is the ordeal which a jockey observes to reduce himself, and if not persevered in to excess, although it is very hard work, it is certainly not injurious to his health.

Previously to walking it is advisable to take two or three doses of aperient medicine at intervals of about three days between each dose. The following pills will be found very efficacious, of which take two or three at bed time, and, if required, a gentle dose of salts and senna in the morning, or the salts and senna only may be employed. The pills, however, will be found to be most beneficial.

R Ext. Colocynth comp..... 3 jss.
Hydrarg. Submur..... gr. vi.
Ol. Carui..... gutt. vi.
Pulv. Scammoniæ..... Oj.—Ft. pil. xxiv

During this period, that is from the commencement of the time of taking the first dose of medicine, a very light diet should be adopted, very little or no animal food should be indulged in, by which means the blood will gradually become prepared for the approaching exertion I am of course presuming that there is sufficient time to admit of this salutary mode of proceeding.

The quantity of sweaters to be worn must depend upon the state of the weather and the condition of the person about to make use of them. Some will only require three or four waistcoats, and two pairs of drawers, whilst others adopt eight or nine of the former and four of the latter. This overloading, however, appears to me not only unnecessary, but inconvenient, and more likely to have a tendency the reverse of what is required, as a man certainly cannot walk so freely as with a moderate quantity. From four to six waistcoats, two or three pairs of drawers, with loose small clothes and gaiters, and an easy great coat not too long in the skirts, is sufficient for most men, concluding that the waiscoats and drawers are made of the strong yellow flannel, which, it is strange to observe, can only be procured at some of the tailors at Newmarket; but should the manufacturers of it read this, and will direct a letter to PHOENIX at the office of this work, he will take an opportunity of procuring a quantity One of the great advantages which this flannel possesses is, that it does not shrink, at least not in any considerable degree, and its stoutness, combined with its softness, are great recommendations. These garments should be made to fit accurately without being tight, and they should be made in successive sizes, so that the uppermost be rather larger than those which are worn next the body: if they wrinkle they will chafe the wearer, and become very uncomfortable. In putting them on, two or at most three waistcoats should go within the drawers, the others outside: two waistcoats should be made with sleeves, and the others without; a pair of old woollen stockings with the feet cut off do well to draw on the arms; and should the feet blister by walking, some yellow soap rubbed on both the feet and the inside of the stocking will be found a great preventive. The shoes should be moderately thick, but large enough to admit of two pairs of stockings: a warm shawl round the neck and a pair of woollen gloves completes the costume.

Morning is the usual time for walking, but that must depend in some degree upon the weather. The less indulgence in bed the better. Previously to starting, a cup of coffee with a biscuit or a piece of dry toast may be taken, and the luxurious addition of an egg, but the less must be taken at the evening repast, if the latter indulgence is allowed. It is, however, better to make the strongest meal of the day an hour or so before the walk is commenced, as it produces vigor to perform the task, and there is no danger of the stomach being overloaded.

The first two or three miles should be walked at a moderate pace, just such as to produce strong perspiration. It must always be observed, that if a man goes too fast so as to become blown, or, in other words, out of breath, he defeats his object. In the first place, the perspiration will not flow so profusely and regularly; neither will he be able to go on with his walk at the rate necessary to maintain the increased circulation if the respiratory organs become over excited: a certain portion of vital air is requisite to give free action to the lungs, and thereby render the blood fit for circulation, which is the great object to be attended to in regulating the pace. The first walk should not exceed seven or eight miles, three and a half or for miles out, when an asylum may be sought to rest at, during which period it will be advisable to wash the mouth with warm water. A bottle of soda water with brandy or port wine, or in fact any spirit or wine that is most agreeable, may be allowed. Some persons prefer hot negus or hot cider, which, with a little ginger, is perhaps the best thing that can be drunk. Tea may be taken, but as all jockeys are not required to be tee-totallers, it is not generally selected; too much will be apt to weaken the stomach: at all events spirits or wine in any thing like excess must be avoided. Cigars and tobacco should be used in moderation. Many persons adopt the habit of constant smoking, for the purpose of keeping themselves light; but an excess sufficient to produce that effect is very injurious to the constitution, and produces not merely debility, but a great prostration of strength. The rest taken during the first half of the walk should not be of longer duration than necessary to recruit the powers, and not to continue so long as to allow the perspiration to subside; a blanket being thrown over the head and shoulders will promote its continuance.

The walk home should be performed at a good strong pace, increasing the speed during the last mile so as to enter the house with an excited action in the circulation, and thereby produce excessive perspiration. Warm water to wash the mouth with will again be found very refreshing, and a cup of tea, or other liquid more palatable, may be taken. A lounge on the sofa with blankets thrown over the body and head, or an hour's repose on the bed, should precede the operation of throwing off the sweaters, which should be deferred till the perspiration has subsided. A large foot-pan with warm water to immerse the feet, with a sponge to wash the body, will be found very refreshing previous to redressing. The dress on this occasion should consist of flannel next to the skin. The chilly state of the constitution when undergoing this preparation requires warmth; and indeed, unless the weather be exceedingly hot, inclination will point out the necessity of being well clothed. The more exercise taken during the day the better, as it not only assists in the object of reducing the weight, but it prevents any danger that may arise from an alteration in the circulation.

On race-days the walk should be performed early in the morning, so as to have plenty of time to become gradually cool before the racing clothes are put on: at least an hour and a half should be afforded after returning from walking, and this last walk will generally be found necessary. In the first place a man is always a pound or two heavier the day after he has walked, even if he takes *scarcely any food*, than he is during the four or five hours succeeding the walk: and even if he be sufficiently light, a good walk on the morning of the race will enable a man to ride with greater power and comfort to himself than if he passes three or four additional hours in his bed.

When once a man has reduced himself to the required weight, he may keep himself at that point by walking four or five days in the week, and by such system appease the calls of hunger more satisfactorily than is compatible with his decrease in the first instance: and if men who are compelled to waste would attend to themselves more carefully all the year round, they would find it more conducive to their health. As soon as the racing season is over, feeling that they have toiled hard, they too frequently admit of great indulgence till the ensuing spring.

Much punishment is necessary to reduce any considerable quantity of weight, and the lighter a man reduces himself the greater difficulty he will experience in getting off the last two or three pounds. The exertion of walking must be very great, or the object cannot be attained; and none but those who have tried it can form an idea what an effort it is. I have often thought within myself, when I have been walking and a good deal distressed, if one of those thoughtless mortals who rashly and inconsiderately over-ride their hunters in deep ground after having ridden them some distance, would but once "*put on the sweaters*," and take a severe walk, the lesson would be very strongly implanted on their minds, and would deter those possessing any feeling from wantonly distressing the poor brutes which they ride.

By perseverance in the system which I have laid down for about a fortnight after the first walk is commenced, a man may calculate upon a reduction of from fourteen to sixteen pounds, and this without injuring his health. About four or five walks during the week, and a mild dose of opening medicine on the rest days, is as much as most men can conveniently undergo. After the first walk the distance may be increased: that, however, must depend upon the constitution. Some persons, perspiring so much more freely than others, cannot take very long walks, whilst others can only reduce themselves by continued exertions. If a man needs a greater reduction than he has acquired by these means, he must increase his walking exercise, and abstain still more rigidly from food. Sudorific medicines may assist, but they are debilitating and dangerous. A tea spoonful of sweet spirit of nitre taken in tea occasionally answers the purpose of a diuretic, and is on that account to be recommended. Should great exhaustion appear after a walk, a little sal-volatile in tea is reviving, and also assists the effusion of perspiration. Grated ginger, or a little of the spirituous tincture of ginger, is well calculated to dispel wind, which is apt to accumulate on a stomach so slenderly supplied with aliment.

Like most other employments in this country, the profession of a jockey bears a rank dependent upon the ability and general conduct of the individual. In early life it is essential that he acquire practice and experience in the art of horsemanship by a preparatory education in the saddle, not to be obtained by any other means than that of riding exercise. The duties of the stable, as a matter of course, must not be neglected. Light boys who are fond of riding, and who by practice become proficients, may very soon gain an independence.

No one conversant with the mode of living of our first-rate jockeys, especially at Newmarket, can deny that, independently of the fatigue which they are compelled to undergo, and the privations from food which must be submitted to when wasting, they do not enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of this world, but their exertions are so great that they are certainly deserving of every relaxation they can procure.

There is one thing to be observed in this class of men more remarkable than in most other callings—there are certain men whose names I will not mention, who are very constantly in the habit of riding, whose abilities are very inferior to others who ride but seldom. Indeed I may observe there are many men in constant practice whose pretensions are of a very humble character. Connexion and interest may in some measure influence this circumstance; but it must be in a great degree owing to want of observation on the part of owners of horses, who would, one would imagine, select the most accomplished performers.

Another class of men have latterly sprung up who ride under the denomination of Gentlemen Jockeys, men who, like the regular professors, have been brought up in the racing stables, but, being too heavy to ride racing weights, have by an immoderate share of impudence intruded themselves into the society of Gentlemen whenever they have been permitted. Their admission by some of our aristocracy to ride for certain Stakes is by no means creditable to the high feeling which the latter usually profess. If a Nobleman or Gentleman fond of riding thinks proper to ride for Stakes in which there is no restriction as to riders, all well and good; but if he permits a person to ride against him for a Stake in which it is a condition that all horses shall be ridden by Gentlemen, he certainly lowers himself in society by admitting an individual who cannot maintain the character he assumes. It is, however, an evil that has been carried to such an extent that it will no doubt work its own reform. Till the conditions are drawn up to exclude all who are not Members of Clubs, or Officers in Her Majesty's Service, this department in the racing world will continue a disgrace to the Turf.

PHOENIX.

Sporting Magazine.

## THE SPORTING LOOKER-ON.

### THE ERRAND BOY.

A thorough-bred animal is well known by some distinguishing marks: the English race-horse has his delicate head, fine neck, and symmetry of form,—the bull-dog carries his tulip ears,—tooth-exposure of mouth,—and adder tail,—the game-cock, like Addison's Marcia, "towers above his sex";—the perfect pugilist, a true and distinct *species* of the *genus* man, has a form and bearing peculiar to himself. The minor thief, that wriggles about in the shallows of the Strand,—the sallow, dissipated, thin, yet athletic member of the swell-mob,—are marked as strongly as a Jew. None of these, however, I believe, have ever yet been found, either in the wickedness or innocence of their natures, themselves to betray their pedigrees. I would have given all the world, and half a crown to boot, to have the following *thorough-bred*, give an account of his *family!* So true an origin, and so finished an adherence to the blood,—Eclipse, Crib, Trusty, or the best *ginger-pile*, could not beat.

*A Candidate for an Errand-Boy's Situation.*—Yesterday morning a boy, between fourteen and fifteen years of age, went into the shop of Mr. Willey, a newsman and stationer, residing in Marylebone-lane, to apply for a situation as errand-boy, in consequence of a bill being in the window setting forth that an errand-boy was wanted, and to "inquire within," when the following dialogue took place—

Boy: Please, sir, do you want an errand boy?

Mr. Willey: Yes, I do; where do you come from?—Please, sir, I live in Camel-buildings.

What is your father?—Please, sir, he is dead.

Where is your mother?—Please, sir, she is transported.

How long is that ago?—Please, sir, she has been transported these four years.

Have you any brothers or sisters?—Please, sir, my brother has gone to the mill at Brixton.

Then, whom do you live with in the buildings?—Please, sir, I live with a girl wot I keeps.

How long have you lived with her?—Please, sir, about a month.

And how do you get your living?—Please, sir, I goes out *chancing* it.

*Chancing* it! What do you mean?—Please, sir, I holds *hosses*, or does anything—Ise not werry particklar.

Mr. Willey then told the hopeful candidate that he did not think he was properly qualified for the situation, and dismissed him.

I think he was peculiarly well qualified as an errand boy. All his family were provided for,—he himself was clearly a lad of *domestic* habits,—he was of that age which rendered him capable of being moulded into any form,—his brother was settled at Brixton,—his mother was not likely to return for three years to distract his attention from business,—his father had done with the world (no doubt *Cotton* could tell us how),—and in short this *varmint* young gentleman was peculiarly open to errands,—and if Mr. Willey's business happened to lie about Field-line, Saffron-hill, Shoe-lane, Cow-cross, Chick-lane, or any of those busy spots,—I do not know any spry lad, so likely to become active and valuable, as the fourteen-year old thorough-bred in question.

### THE CAPTAIN AND HIS COFFIN.

Here I have indeed an eccentric—and first let me register him,—coffin, pigtail, and all!

*An Eccentric.*—On Thursday week the town of Warrington "was frightened from its propriety" by an immense coffin coming through the principal streets, rigged like a sloop, only that the sails were black; a union-jack was flying at the peak, and it was drawn by horses, preceded by a man tolling a large bell, and another playing on a fiddle "the Campbells are coming." As might be expected, a vast concourse followed this novel procession, and immediately following the coffin was its living owner, old Leigh, or, as he is generally called, Captain Leigh, whose appearance is particularly eccentric. A large white hat, tied with black riband—from under which protruded a large pigtail—covered a face that was arrayed in bland smiles; an ample blue coat, of the cut of the last century, and smalls, &c., of similar make; his shoes had bright buckles on, considerably wider than the shoes; and his whole outward man was arrayed in holiday attire. After parading the streets, the coffin was deposited in Captain Leigh's garden, and the "rejoicers" were regaled with strong beer. In the garden is a headstone, on which is engraven, besides the usual inscription of the death, leaving the date blank, a vessel, the sun, moon, a star, &c. The headstone, about eight years ago, was placed in the old churchyard, Warrington; but as it caused so much merriment in so serious a place, the present worthy Rector ordered it to be removed, to the great displeasure of old Leigh, who forthwith bought a double breadth and length of burial-ground in the new cemetery at Liverpool. Besides the "ship coffin" just mentioned, and which was built at Mrs Clare's yard, Sankey Bridge, he has a "box coffin," which fits the hatchway of the ship coffin, in which he keeps his best clothes, money, &c. This singular man was never married, and lives the life of a hermit. He appears pleased if a stranger, introduced by some person he is acquainted with, should ask permission to look at his curious dwelling. The burden of his conversation and his every thought appear to be centered in his anticipated funeral. He has given directions to his neighbor, the host of the Rose and Crown, to see that there is deposited at his real funeral, on the deck of his ship coffin, half a barrel of ale, so that, as he expresses it, "they may go merrily to work."

Chester Courant.

This must have been a procession worthy of Cruikshank—and Cruikshank's graphic pencil ought to perpetuate this singular exhibition. Captain Leigh of course must be no trifle of a man, or he would not be preceded by "an immense coffin rigged like a sloop,"—the coffin itself, too, in true naval language, being described as having been built at Mrs. Clare's yard, Sankey Bridge." Captain Leigh—whose delight appears to consist in dwelling upon his coffin—very much resembles Isabella in the Fatal Marriage,—if not in his sex, in his sentiments; for he may exclaim with her—

"I live again, and rise but from the tomb."

I remember Dr. Gardener, the great worm quack doctor, advertising his business, by erecting a preparatory tombstone in Shoreditch churchyard, having the consolatory inscription of "Doctor Gardener's last and best bedroom!"—where, of course, he could carry on a comfortable private practice in the worm business. Nelson, it is well known, had a coffin presented him by Captain Hallowell, made out of the mainmast of a line of battle ship;—without this coffin he never went to sea,—and in this coffin his inestimable dust is "quietly inurned!" To pass from a sterling man to a charlatan,—it is also known that Martin Van Butchell framed his wife in a glass case, and kept her for advertising purposes. Captain Leigh, however, is one *sui generis*:—he seems to walk a cheerful chief mourner, and with all the spirit of a chief mourner, *before* his own funeral. The moment he gets unwell I have no doubt he will stand *mute* at his own door! There is a sort of German sublimity attending the contemplation of his final departure; when it is borne in mind that he will go in an immense coffin, "rigged like a sloop"—"with black sails" and "a union jack flying at the peak." Death will suppose the Flying Dutchman is putting in to "wood and water."

### THE TURF PROPHET.

*Vates* I see has again *missed fire*. Seduced, by the victory of Bloomsbury for the Derby, into the usual notion that Southern success is the natural germ of Northern;—he has foretold in an extraordinary quantity of bad lines that Bloomsbury was to be the *champion!* Prophecying on the turf, is like betting on it; and no well-conditioned poetaster of the City or West-end, whether inspired by a guinea a column,—a table's flattering circle,—or his own vanity,—has a chance against the stable pail at eleven in the morning,—the trainer's book, or the jockey's consideration. I would rather have the unvarnished opinion of John Scott, four days before the St. Leger, than all the confident bad rhymes of Vates "boiled down into one pint." John could have *told* him what to have *foretold!* The unhappy success of naming Phosphorus and Caravan first and second for the Derby, has bewildered the prophet,—and wofully misled his followers,—who may exclaim in the words of Macbeth,—

The *attempt* and not the *deed confounds* us."

London (New) Sporting Magazine.

## WINTER SHOOTING.

I have repeatedly seen a hare run to some distance, when I well knew (in the phraseology of the school) that I had killed her; but I never lost one under such circumstances, except the animal previously mentioned. In shooting on the township of Lydiate, Lancashire, a hare moved from her seat and crossed me quite within distance; I fired, she continued her course, and yet I felt so convinced I had hit her in the right place, and well, too, that I did not send the second barrel at her, but watched her progress. She continued her course for about one hundred and fifty yards as steadily as possible (as if she had not been touched), when I observed her alter her mode of going! she slackened her pace and sat down, but got up in a few seconds, and came directly towards the place where I stood in a sort of staggering walk (and the walk of a hare presents a singular, and indeed a very uncouth appearance); she was completely bewildered, and, after having approached me within a few yards, she sat down, shook her head, which fell between her fore legs, and when, after reloading I advanced to pick her up, I found her quite dead. On examination I perceived, as I expected, that several pellets of shot had struck her behind the fore leg, a proper place to hit a hare when she is crossing the shooter, if she be going off in a direct line, the deadly tube should be pointed between her ears; if a hare be struck behind, she will carry away a very considerable quantity of shot.

When snow covers the ground to the depth of a few inches, hares are unwilling to move from their seats; they will allow the snow to descend upon them till they are covered, their situations being nevertheless observable by the aperture formed by their breath. I have repeatedly thus observed these timid animals, but having disturbed one from its frigid fleecy retreat, witnessed its vainly struggling efforts to run, and listened to its plaintive cries, I never attempted to molest another under similar circumstances. I have known hares to lie uncommonly close, apparently without necessity; and in crossing a grass field some years ago, my pointers beating it at the time, I came so near to a hare before I perceived her (and she lying quite upon the plain), that I had nearly trod upon her; I stepped over her, walked to the distance of a few yards, and turned to look; however, she no sooner became convinced that I saw her (her eye catching mine full) than she jumped up—but did not run far, as a matter of course. I saw a hare lie so close when a pack of harriers were giving tongue freely around her, that she allowed one of the foot people to approach and stand over her—he stooped for the purpose of stroking her, when she sprung away.

There is something very delightful in miscellaneous or winter shooting; which, as the weather has become cooler, and the days shorter, is less fatiguing than the pursuit of the partridge amidst the heats of September, or the still more laborious diversion of ranging the mountains beneath an almost scorching sun; moreover, it affords an interesting variety in the sport of the day. About seven years ago I got into my gig and drove to Wrightington (a few miles from Wigan) for the purpose of a day's diversion on the manor of C. Dicconson, Esq. I reached the ground about ten o'clock (a very mild day in the early part of the month of November), and in the first field, a stubble, tumbled a couple of rabbits—though it is very improper to shoot these flirting little animals over pointers, and I was accompanied on this occasion by two as steady and as good as any in the kingdom. I was aware that the manor was well stocked with game; nor had much time elapsed ere my dogs drew in a field of potatoes, whose fading tops still afforded good cover: I soon became aware, by the manner of the pointers, that a pheasant was running before them, and the bird traversed the field repeatedly, evincing the utmost reluctance to get on the wing. At length he was pushed to the verge of the potatoes, and a headland intervening between him and the fence, he sprung, and I bagged him.

I bagged two brace more in a short time, which I found in the brushy covers of old pits and in the hedge rows. I also bagged pussy; and at length in a small piece of potatoes which had been luxuriant, but which, like the previous field of these useful vegetables, were withered, my favorite dog Bob drew, went down on his belly, turned his head in various directions, but would not move: his manner was sufficiently intelligible—I knew he had come suddenly into the midst of a covey of birds; the other pointer, Moll, his sister, made a dead set at a little distance, by which I understood she had a bird under her nose. I killed a brace and a half without moving many yards from Bob, when I went up to his sister, who had kept her point as steadily as possible, and killed her bird. By this time the remainder of the covey had moved, they were running amongst the potatoes, and I succeeded in bagging another brace. The dogs could find no more, and I have every reason to believe I had bagged the whole, the rest of the covey having been killed most likely at an earlier period of the season.

It has more than once happened with me, that a good start or beginning has been followed by an excellent day's diversion, and that I have scarcely missed a shot: this happened to prove one of them. Partridges rarely lie so well in the month of November; but the day was remarkably mild and fine; further, they might have been alarmed by a hawk; at all events, I did not find the old cock amongst them, and partridges will often lie well when they have lost their leader: after bagging these birds, I found myself in another field of potatoes (very few turnips are grown in this part of the country), which contained a great number of hares. After killing a brace, and following my dog, who was drawing up to another, there happened to be two lying in the same furrow, at a few yards distance from each other: I saw them both distinctly, and observed

the dog pass over the first (which crouched close amongst the potato tops) and point the second: I tumbled over another or two of these animals, and finding I had bagged two brace and a half of hares, I declined killing any more of them: at this moment, I observed Bob setting a hare, not many yards from the spot where I stood, and I could clearly perceive, by the expression of his eye, that he meant to seize her if I kept him much longer waiting; hares always render pointers unsteady, and the game was not only under his nose, but he could see her as well as scent her. I went up, took the dog by his stiffly projected tail, and compelled pussy to move away with the muzzle of my gun

I scarcely ever recollect a day when game in general lay so well. Having procured plenty, I declined continuing my sport, though strongly urged to it by two of Mr. Dicconson's keepers (who accompanied me). However, as I was slowly retracing my steps towards the house where I had left my gig, in passing a pit a widgeon rose from it; had the bird remained quiet, it would have continued unseen and unmolested; but as it challenged me by offering a fair shot, and as both my barrels were loaded, I fired, and it fell into the water My dog (Bob) having several times fetched a wounded or dead partridge out of the water, I confidently expected would fetch the widgeon also; he heard the splash of its fall, but had not seen the bird, on account of the trees and bushes which surrounded the pit. The dying widgeon fluttered in the water, and I pointed the dog's attention to it; he entered the water immediately, swam to the bird, and took it into his mouth, but he no sooner perceived that it was not his own proper game, than he loosed and left it, nor could I induce him to fetch it out. Had it been a partridge or a pheasant he would have performed the task pleasantly enough. Of course I found means to obtain the widgeon.

I have already observed that I killed a couple of rabbits in the first field my dogs beat: and I must here observe that a well stocked warren was situated at some little distance, which being uninclosed, or at least not being surrounded by a wall to prevent the egress of its long-eared inhabitants, many strayed out, and at the distance of half a mile or more, the hedge-rows formed on sandy banks, afforded excellent rabbit shooting. I had partaken of this diversion with the ferret, but never thought very highly of it; however, at the entreaty of the keepers, I was induced to try my hand at rabbits, where the best amusement these little animals are capable of affording might reasonably be expected. Pointers are not calculated for this illegitimate diversion, or at least, if used for the purpose, they will become unsteady; my dogs were, therefore, taken up, and a terrier substituted, one that had been many times employed at the same game.

I missed eight or nine shots in succession, when one of the keepers said—"You are one of the most deliberate shooters, sir, I ever saw; but you must be quicker at rabbits." I easily perceived the force of the man's observation; the rabbits being driven from the hedge by the terrier, flirted rapidly straight forward for a few yards only, when they darted into the fence again. I resolved to adopt the keeper's advice; and the moment I heard the signal—"Mark!" the gun was at my shoulder, and the next moment the rabbit rolled over before me. I continued the sport till I had killed five couple and a half, which had cost me fourteen shots.

I had killed as much game as I could conveniently load in my gig, I reached home (a distance of ten miles) before the shades of evening had rendered the objects obscure, and continued on very good terms with myself and all those around me for the remainder of the day; sensations or feelings which, I have little doubt, my brethren of the trigger have frequently experienced as well as myself.

London Era.

## END OF THE ENGLISH RACING SEASON.

At length the racing season has been brought to a close by the Houghton Meeting, the various events of which were decided last week on Newmarket Heath; it is true several minor meetings may afterwards take place in the provinces (to say nothing of those spurious and highly reprehensible exhibitions, called Steeple Chases); yet the legitimately acknowledged season concludes with the Houghton Meeting, as mentioned above. And, indeed, if this meeting came off a week or two earlier, it would be more consistent with reason, since the amusement otherwise derivable from the struggles of the course, and the exhibitions of the race-ground, become neutralised by the frigid breath of winter (rendered abundantly manifest during the late Houghton Meeting), while the sufferings of the elegant quadruped who forms the principal object of attraction are greater, much greater, than might be imagined by those not practically acquainted with the subject.

In taking a retrospective glance at the late racing season, the first matter which presents itself (to our mind, at least) is the Bloomsbury affair. This nag came out and won the Derby, as our readers are aware, in a style which showed his decided superiority over every one of his competitors; in fact, he was the best horse of his year; but emerging as he did from the shade of the north, and carrying off the Derby, was unexpected by a *party*, who no doubt suffered severely by the issue of the event. When Bloomsbury came out for the Doncaster St. Leger, he was not in his own form; but from his manner, and particularly from the appearance of his eye, he was evidently amiss; nor could we help thinking that he had been "doctor'd"—to use John Scott's phraseology as applied to Cobham. A few persons, however, became aware of Bloomsbury's superiority while he continued in the dark, and, amongst the rest, the metropolitan betting butcher, who took the long odds against him to a considerable extent, and pocketed accordingly.

If Bloomsbury be left out of the calculation, we consider Euclid as the best horse of the season, notwithstanding his defeat by Cæsar, and also by Charles the Twelfth: had he run the former home, we have little doubt he would have proved successful; and in regard to the latter, the race was thrown away by the most mistaken, not to say the most ridiculous, jockeyship: if, in the second struggle, Conelly (on Euclid) had gone off at score, and forced the running from the starting-post, instead of making a waiting race of it, he would have won with ease. We think Euclid is what may be called an improving horse, a nag likely to train on through the winter, and come out in good form in the spring.

That wiry filly Deception, who was so highly fancied by the "knowing ones," who ran second for the Derby, and won the Oaks, did not maintain her high-sounding pretensions, and may, perhaps, not appear again on the course.

Crucifix, whom we have frequently had occasion to notice, a two year old, stands alone in her performances, which we proceed to detail. She won the Newmarket July Stakes of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft, beating Currency, c. by Buzzard, out of Margaret, f. by Sultan, out of Palais Royal, and the following not placed:—Stamboul, Cambyses, and c. by Clearwell, out of Petulance; won by two lengths. Same meeting, carrying 9lb. extra, won the Chesterfield Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., beating Iris, c. by Buzzard, out of Margaret, and the following not placed:—Hellespont, Stamboul, The Orphan, Darkness, Trojana, and Sis. to Cara; won by two lengths (there was a great number of false starts and two races for this stake, Iris winning the first by half a length, Crucifix second, the Buzzard colt third, and Sis to Cara fourth—this was decided one a false start; Merle went to the post, but did not run). At Goodwood, carrying 5lb. extra, won the Lavant Stakes of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft., half a mile, beating Firefly and Exit by two lengths. Same meeting, carrying 7lb extra, won the Molecomb Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., beating Defendant and Iris (5lb extra) by a length, easy. At Newmarket First October Meeting, carrying 9lb. extra, won the Hopeful Stakes of 40 sovs. each, h. ft., beating Jeffy (3lb. extra), Capote, and the following not placed:—Raymond, Hellespont, Firefly, Ten-pound-note, (3lb. extra), Perseus, f. The Colonel, out of Mary Anne, and Sis. to Cara; won by a length (there were nineteen false starts for this race). Same meeting, walked over for a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. In the Second October Meeting, carrying 7lb. extra, won the Clearwell Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., beating Gibraltar, Capote, c. by Sultan, out of Marinella, Perseus, and Spangle, all placed, by a length. Same meeting, won the Prendergast Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., beating Nicholas and Capote by a length. At the Houghton Meeting, carrying 9lb. extra, ran a dead heat for the Criterion Stakes, and divided the stakes with Gibraltar.

Nothing could be more injudicious, in our opinion, on the part of Lord G. Bentinck, than subjecting this very superior filly to such oft-repeated exertions, generally under the disadvantage of extra weight. It has affected her temper, as she became very restive on being brought to the starting-post for the Criterion Stakes; and his Lordship became so convinced of the injurious effects of the severe, unflinching system he had pursued, that he readily consented to divide the stakes with General Yates. If the temper of Crucifix has been thus affected, can her physical powers have escaped deterioration? We think not: it does not necessarily follow that if a racer becomes bad tempered, his progressive motion should suffer also; but when the performances of Crucifix are duly considered, evil consequences may be expected, and can scarcely fail to follow, indeed; and if she appear next spring in her own form, it will be an extraordinary circumstance.

Era.

## GREAT MATCH AGAINST TIME.

The long talked of pedestrian undertaking against time was decided on Wednesday, Nov. 13, at Lord's Ground, Saint John's Wood. Genuine matches of this description are very rare, but are invariably well attended, and create considerable sporting interest, when they are known to have been got up or encouraged by persons of respectability. The present undertaking was one on which money was freely laid out, and certainly was no trifling task—it was to run four miles in twenty-three minutes and a half, the stakes being £25 a side. The distance was measured round the cricket ground, and ten runs round with a short distance constituted the four miles. The weather was very unfavorable for such a performance, and it was found necessary to throw down a quantity of saw dust to give the "operator" any thing like a firm footing. The match had been announced to take place at three o'clock, at which hour some hundreds were in attendance, anxious to witness the start. The general opinion was, that the pedestrian, whose name is Slade, and who we believe is known by the sobriquet of the "Paddington Washer," had undertaken to do more than it was possible for him to accomplish, and betting was 6 and 7 to 4 on time. At four o'clock the watches having been set, and all prepared, the pedestrian made his appearance at the starting post, attired in drawers and jacket, and sporting the crimson token similar to that worn by Townshend on Monday. The word "off" was given, and Slade went away at a pretty but middling pace. He increased in speed after about two hundred yards, and finished the first circuit at an amazing rate. He had performed five rounds without any particular indication of distress in half the allotted time, and at each succeeding time he passed the umpire's stand the anxiety increased. The speed was nearly even throughout, and he accomplished his great undertaking in 23 minutes 25 seconds, being five seconds under the given time. He was greeted with loud and continued cheers, but was decidedly much exhausted. He continued walking for some minutes (a necessary precaution) after the conclusion of the wager.

London Era.

## "A MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE."

### A FRAGMENT.

"The Honorable ——, will shortly lead to the hymenial altar, the beautiful and accomplished Miss ——." *Vide Morning Post, passim.*

* * * *

She loved him—as most modern Misses love,
Admired his figure on a rainy day,
Yet fretted not did he a truant prove,
She liked him present, if he stayed away
She did not miss him. "Men will ever rove,"
Was still her theme. "To honor, and obey,"
She had no thought of, but regarded marriage,
As *something* requisite to keep a carriage.

And he loved her as much as creatures can,
Who live at balls, and vegetate by night,
Their only use, to hold a woman's fan,
With heads so heavy, and with heels so light,
For lack of other titles, nicknamed man,
Young ladies praised him; he was "*so polite!*"
But greatest favor from mamas he won,
Since he was silly, and—an Eldest Son!

He met her first at some prodigious rout,
Where *all the world* was "voting it a bore!"
She was a beauty, having just *come out*,—
(*Id est,*) she had rehearsed her part before,
And now performed it,—with eclât, no doubt;
Her eyes were brilliant, and the dress she wore,
Set off her figure, thanks to Gallic art,
Carson supplies the *want* of every part.

Ball followed ball; they often waltzed together;
And, tho' they merely looked at one another,
Or sometimes gave opinions on the weather,
Moved by Champagne, (some say an anxious mother,)
He made an offer;—all were in high feather
At his success; and so, *sans* further pother,
They were betrothed, whilst envious chap'rones sighed
O'er their lost hopes, and satirised his bride.

Then full of joy, she sought thy street, Long Acre,
To choose the shape and color of the carriage:
I know not why, but, somehow, a coachmaker
Appears to me in my loose view of marriage,
A sort of *matrimonial undertaker.*
By this I've no intention to disparage
That blessed state, in which young folks agree
To certain forms, from law's necessity!

The day was fixed, the dejeuné spread,
Whilst bridesmaids simpered thro' their Brussels lace;
The bride shed tears at first, then hung her head,
And thought how great a change would soon take place
From a small French, to a large four-post bed;
Tho' none could read her mind upon her face,
Indeed her feelings were not quite intelligible,
One thing she felt, the bridegroom was an "*eligible.*"

The marriage service soon was blundered o'er,
Congratulations in the aisle were pealing,
The travelling chariot waiting at the door;
But first the bride must show a little feeling,
Straitway she gently sinks upon the floor,
In a position such as players deal in,
A graceful attitude for loveliness,
And so got up as not to spoil the dress!

At last salts-holding dowagers contrived
To *bring her round;* the bridegroom looked alarmed,
And awkwardly to aid the dame he strived,
But finding himself useless, he was calmed;
Thinking, forsooth, that as he now was wived
His toil was o'er; and yet the dolt was charmed
While he was seated by the weeping fair,
Rolling along, quite happy, God knows where!

'Tis sad to mark how soon affection dies:
The sooner garb of stern reality,
Makes fools seem hideous in each other's eyes:
She tired of him, then quarrelled with morality,
Until she cast aside a loose disguise,
And ran away, like other folks of quality,
Leaving her *owner*, one fine summer's morning,
Surprised to lose his wife at such short warning.

London (New) Sporting Magazine

## SCOTCH DROVERS AT BARNET FAIR.

A fair is held annually at Barnet, on the great north road, in the vicinity of London, for the cattle and horses collected in the north of England and Scotland in the early part of the season. The fair for 1839, concluded last month, was well attended by purchasers—upwards of 45,000 head of cattle and 10,000 horses having changed owners. Since the introduction of steam vessels to the northern parts of Scotland, especially in the Moray Firth, the transit of cattle to the metropolis has become a matter of easy accomplishment, but it will be a long period before journeys by land be superseded. The majority of the dealers who attended Barnet Fair, the great metropolitan market, generally reside in some of the rich and fertile counties on the borders of England and Scotland, and when the opening spring and genial April showers revive nature in all its beauteous forms, these enterprising men proceed northwards, in some instances as far as the Kyle of Sutherland, before they commence operations. In their progress southward, they visit the Muir of Ord and collect as they proceed through the eastern parts of Invernessshire and Nairn, Moray, Banff, and Aberdeenshires, the beautiful small Highland breed of cattle that had been purchased the previous season by the ever active agriculturists of these districts. The markets are so excellently arranged throughout Scotland, that by the period of the dealer meeting at Falkirk Tryst they have generally collected a very large stock. The cattle are then formed into lots of about 1000 each, and entrusted to a number of Scottish drovers, and the dealer sees no more of them until he meets the whole at Barnet. The commencement of the journey is usually calculated from Keith, in Banffshire, that spot being in a manner a key to the Highlands of the north of Scotland, and the fertile plains of Morayshire. The journey from Keith to Barnet occupies thirty-four days, the average number of miles travelled each day being sixteen. The pay of a drover is two shillings per day and the expenses of his bed. When he crosses the Tweed he is allowed what is termed night wages to the amount of one shilling extra from the owner, and one shilling from the grazier who supplies food for the cattle. The amount realised by a drover for the whole journey is about 8*l.* and from ten to fifteen shillings for return money. The majority of the drovers return by land, in parties of twenty, and accomplish the distance in thirteen days, at an average expense of one shilling per day, including food and lodging. And yet one of these men, whose whole wardrobe would not fetch fourpence in Rosemary Lane, is entrusted with from seven to eight hundred pounds to pay the expenses of the food required by the cattle, and the tolls to be passed in their journey. The number of Scottish drovers who visit Barnet Fair annually is about 1500. Last year about 300 thimble-riggers were present, and, by sleight of hand, succeeded in winning a large sum from them. This would have been a sad tale to tell their wives and friends in the north, and but a poor excuse for the loss of their hard-won earnings—they therefore watched the motions of the pea and thimble gentry, and being convinced that cheating was the order of the day, on a given signal they surrounded the thimble-riggers, and compelled them to return them all their money. A gentleman residing in the neighborhood, who was present on the occasion, was so well pleased with the thrashing the gamblers got, that he gave the Scotsmen three sovereigns to purchase beer.

Correspondent of the Inverness Herald.

## Salmagundi.

The Picayune tells us of a tree in his neighborhood that has grown so rapidly of late, that it has pulled itself up by the roots.

The editor of the Kennebeck Journal has dignified preserved pumpkin with the high sounding appellation of "domestic citron." What will he say of a crook-necked squash!

A fellow in New York who stole a keg of *lard* was arrested, tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary all within an hour. How much better he went through for *greasing*!

"What must you do to a *tea-table* to make it fit to eat?" Give it up? Why, take away the *tea*,—(T) and then it becomes *eatable!!*

*A hint to Loafers.*—The keeper of the Little Rock Hotel finishes his advertisement as follows: 'Loafers must keep at a respectable distance, as none without money can stay about these diggings.'

The last news from John Smith, is, that he has got the yellow fever at Montgomery, Ala. At least we conclude so, from receiving thence a newspaper called the "John Smith" which is printed on paper as yellow as saffron.

Ib

In digging back for the enlargement of the New Trinity Church, several ancient vaults, have had to be disturbed. Among the relics were the *silver plate*, and remains of the Countess of Clifton, interred some hundred years since.

A young gentleman who had quarrelled with a lady to whom he had paid his addresses, was so imprudent as to threaten that he would publish the letters she had written him. That (she replied) would be truly vexatious; for though I need not be ashamed of their contents, I certainly ought to be ashamed of their *directions!*

The Emperor Adrian very innocently asked Epictetus, "why Venus is painted naked?"—The philosopher replied, "Because she always reduces her followers to such poverty that they have no clothes. The smiles of a pretty woman are the tears of the purse."

*Gratitude.*—A celebrated advocate, being on the point of death, made his will and bequeathed all his wealth to idiots and lunatics. On being asked the reason, he replied that he wished to return his riches to those from whom he had drawn them.

*Letting Out.*—An Irish tailor making a gentleman's coat and vest too small, was ordered to take them home and let them out. Some days after, the gentleman inquiring for his garments, was told by the ninth part of an Irishman that the clothes happening to fit a countryman of his, he had *let them out* at a shilling a week.

*A Love Letter.*—The following letter was handed to us by a friend, who accidentally found it, after it had been received by the happy man to whom it is addressed. We can vouch for it's being *original*, and a true copy of the languishing fair one's sentiments. It is published without any alteration of style—except that we strike out a portion which is a *leetle* too strong.

Lawrenceville May the 8 1837.

"P R my love I have received both of your letters which gave me more pleasure and comfort than all this world can afford I have been ever since you have been absent like some lonesome dove. I could take pleasure in no company whatever because my love there wos so many reports a going I had give up all hopes of ever seeing that lovely face again"

"but my mind has got reconcild once more I just let all their talk go in at one ear and out at the other"

"my love I always knowed that you had more feeling than all that comes to be there in one lady in this place that has been very busy since you have been absent a carying the nuse of the day trying to scandalize me but thank god she has made nothing by it"

I have writen to you before but from what I can understand you have not received it they has been lots of weddings here since you have been gone but I have taken no pleasure with none of them because I have been sick the best part of my time but I have received my health again my love they have got it reported about that I * * * * * but my love you no better than that but I will bear all their talk with a cheerful heart with the hopes of your returning and rendering me a happy life here after O if I could see that face this evening what a happy person would I be but I will bear it with patients tel you return"

"my love remember me while love is sweete
remember me tel next we meet"

"Your tender lover "*Polly An Walker*"

Isn't Polly a burster?

N. O. Picayune.

*March of Delicacy.*—The ladies are getting more delicate and refined every day. First, we see it in some of the papers that a girl "down east" wouldn't swing in the garden "because the 'taters had eyes!" then we hear of another who was so modest that she dressed the legs of her piano with pantaletts; but the very last case we have heard of is that of a lady in this city who is so exceedingly delicate and fastidious that she will not change her dress before a lithographic likeness of Gen. Jackson without turning his face to the wall!

Picayune.

The Yarmouth (Nova Scotia) Herald says:—"John Bull does not claim anything except what belongs to him." Very modest old gentleman indeed! We will thank him, then, just to keep hts clumsy fingers away from our timber lands on the Madawaska, or he may get them burnt one of these days.

Boston Notion.

We said truly. And if Jonathan were of the same mind, and did not covet and lay claims to things belonging to his neighbours, there never would have been any dispute about that 'ere Madawaska country, owned by Mr Bull, and he, the aforesaid Jonathan, would not put himself so much in the way of getting an everlasting thrashing from his elder brother for his extravagant *Notions*. Old John looks calmly on, knowing how easily he can at any time put matters to rights in "three shakes of a lobster's liver."

Yarmouth Register.

Some of "our first men" recollect the time very well when Mr Bull made the same kind of brag, and threatened to march through the whole length and breadth of these, his then colonies with "a single regiment." Instead of "three shakes of a lobster's liver," his own liver received such a shaking that we doubt whether it has got over it to this day.

Boston Notion.

*The Science of Wood Sawing.*—There are few employments in life, however humble, to which a certain degree of importance is not attached by some one or other. Of this truth we were convinced yesterday. Passing through Royal street we saw a fellow engaged in the scientific work of wood sawing. His "horse" riggled and reeled as if it had got the blind staggers; his saw groaned as if its teeth had been operated on by a dentist, and his clothes shook about him like the bells of a Turkish "jingling jonny." Two brothers of the saw stood on either side of him in a kind of stand-at ease position, with their saws hung over their shoulders like the harps of wandering minstrels. They seemed to regard the efforts of the active members of the trio with mingled feelings of pity and professional contempt. One of them at length broke silence and addressing the other said, pointing at the same time to the would-be wood sawyer—

"How difficult it is to learn our business, Bill, ain't it?" "Can't never be done, Jim, no how," says Bill, "'cept set-in-case a fellow goes to it young and has a hextraordinary genus." "I've knowed, aye, as many as twenty to try it myself," says Jim, "but it war a complete failure—no go. They war all obliged to turn to some less scientific business, such as watch making or the likes." "Then that there's the reason," says Bill, "that our business is like banking, there's monopoly in it; why if every feller, such as broken speculators and music masters out of employment could take up the saw, the business wouldn't be worth a follering." "Well, I pities a feller," continues Jim, "like this here man what's a sawin, who seems anxious to succeed but hain't the ability. Do you think he will ever come to any thing?" "No," replied the other, "it ain't in his natur. He may do very well on pine wood where it hain't got no knots, but he never can succeed at live oak or hickory. The consekvence is, that he never can arrive at the top of his purfession no how he can fix it." After this criticism on the merits of wood sawing we withdrew.

Picayune.

Nineteen fine Hereford oxen were conveyed from Aylesbury to London by the railway, and one of them, not liking so rapid a mode of travelling, jumped out when about a mile from the station, without receiving the slightest injury, and deliberately walked back to Aylesbury, consequently he had the pleasure of going to London on foot, thus occupying more days for his journey than his companions did hours. The others arrived safe, being extremely quiet during the journey.

"You twain shall be one flesh," as the sausage maker said when he mixed up the pig and the puppy hash.

WEIMAR, Oct. 30.—Last night the Grand Ducal Theatre of this city performed, for the first time, "Anselmo Lancia," an opera in two acts, being one of the two pieces which M. C. A. Goethe, nephew to the late celebrated writer of that name, has set to music for that theatre. "Anselmo Lancia" has met with much success, and proves the young composer to be gifted with a rich and lively imagination. M. Goethe's other opera, "Der Fluchtling, or The Fugitive," will be studied in February next.

## AN IRISH LEGEND OF BILLY DUFFY.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

In ancient times there lived a man called Billy Duffy, and he was known to be a great rogue. They say he was descended from the family of the Duffys, which was the reason, I suppose, of his carrying their name upon him.

Billy, in his youthful days, was the best hand at doing nothing in all Europe; devil a mortal could come next or near him at idleness; and, in consequence of his great practice that way, you may be sure that if any man could make a fortune by it he would have done it.

Billy was the only son of his father, barring two daughters; but they have nothing to do with the story I'm telling you. Indeed it was kind father and grandfather for Billy to be handy at the knavery as well as at the idleness; for it was well known that not one of their blood ever did an honest act, except with a roguish intention. In short, they were altogether a *dacent* connexion, and a credit to the name. As for Billy, all the villany of the family, both plain and ornamental, came down to him by way of legacy; for it so happened that the father, in spite of all his cleverness, had nothing but his roguery to *lave* him.

Billy, to do him justice, improved the fortune he got: every day advanced him farther into dishonesty and poverty, until, at the long run, he was acknowledged on all hands to be the complatest swindler and the poorest vagabond in the whole parish.

Billy's father, in his young days, had often been forced to acknowledge the inconvenience of not having a trade, in consequence of some nice point in law, called the "Vagrant Act," that sometimes troubled him. On this account he made up his mind to give Bill an occupation, and he accordingly bound him to a blacksmith; but whether Bill was to *live* or *die* by *forgery*, was a puzzle to his father,—though the neighbors said that *both* was most likely. At all events, he was put apprentice to a smith for seven years, and a hard card his master had to play in managing him. He took the proper method, however; for Bill was so lazy and roguish that it would vex St. Peter to keep him in order.

"Bill," says his master to him one day that he had been sunning himself about the ditches, instead of minding his business, "Bill, my boy, I'm vexed to the heart to see you in such a bad state of health. You're very ill with that complaint called an *All-overness;* however," says he, "I think I can cure you. Nothing will bring you about but three or four sound doses, every day, of a medicine called 'the oil o' the hazel.' Take the first dose now," says he; and he immediately banged him with a hazel cudgel until Bill's bones ached for a week afterwards.

"If you were my son," said his master, "I tell you, that, as long as I could get a piece of advice growing convenient in the hedges, I'd have you a different youth from what you are. If working was a sin, Bill, devil an innocenter boy ever broke bread than you would be. Good people's scarce, you think; but however that may be, I throw it out as a hint, that you must take your medicine till you be cured, whenever you happen to get unwell the same way."

From this out he kept Bill's nose to the grind-stone, and whenever his complaint returned, he never failed to give him a hearty dose for his improvement.

In the course of time, however, Bill was his own man and his own master; but it would puzzle a saint to know whether the master or the man was the more precious youth in the eyes of the world.

He immediately married a wife, and devil a doubt of it, but if *he* kept *her* in whiskey and sugar, *she* kept *him* in hot water. Bill drank and she drank; Bill fought and she fought; Bill was idle and she was idle; Bill whacked her and she whacked Bill. If Bill gave her one black eye, she gave him another; *just to keep herself in countenance.* Never was there a blessed pair so well met; and a beautiful sight it was to see them both at breakfast-time blinking at each other across the potato basket—Bill with his right eye black, and she with her left.

In short, they were the talk of the whole town; and to see Bill of a morning staggering home drunk, his shirt sleeves rolled up on his smutted arms, his breast open, and an old tattered leather apron, with one corner tucked up under his belt, singing one minute, and fighting with his wife the next;—she, reeling beside him, with a discolored eye, as aforesaid, a dirty ragged cap on one side of her head, a pair of Bill's old slippers on her feet, a squalling brat on her arm. —now cuffing and dragging Bill, and again kissing and hugging him! yes, it was a pleasant picture to see this loving pair in such a state!

This might do for a while, but it could not last. They were idle, drunken, and ill-conducted; and it was not to be supposed that they would get a farthing candle on their words. They were of course *dhruv* to great straits; and faith, they soon found that their fighting, and drinking, and idleness made them the laughing-sport of the neighbors; but neither brought food to their *childre*, put a coat upon their backs, nor satisfied their landlord when he came to look for his own. Still the never a one of Bill but was a funny fellow with strangers, though, as we said, the greatest rogue unhanged.

One day he was standing against his own anvil, complately in a brown study, being brought to his wit's end how to make out a breakfast for the family. The wife was scolding and cursing in the house, and the naked creatures of childre squalling about her knees for food. Bill was fairly at an amplush, and knew not where or how to turn himself, when a poor withered old beggar came into the forge, tottering on his staff. A long white beard fell from his chin, and he looked so thin and hungry that you might blow him, one would think, over the house. Bill at this moment had been brought to his senses by distress, and his heart had a touch of pity towards the old man; for, on looking at him a second time, he clearly saw starvation and sorrow in his face.

"God save you, honest man!" said Bill.

The old man gave a sigh, and raising himself with great pain on his staff, he looked at Bill in a very beseeching way.

"Musha, God save you kindly!" says he; "maybe you could give a poor, hungry, helpless ould man a mouthful of something to ait? You see yourself I'm not able to work; if I was, I'd scorn to be beholdingto any one."

"Faith, honest man," said Bill, "if you knew who you're speaking to you'd as soon ask a monkey for a churn-staff as me for either mate or money. There's not a blackguard in the three kingdoms so fairly on the *shaughran* as I am for both the one and the other. The wife within is sending the curses thick and heavy on me, and the childre's playing the cat's melody to keep her in comfort. Take my word for it, poor man, if I had either mate or money I'd help you, for I know particularly well what it is to want them at the present speaking; an empty sack won't stand, neighbor."

So far Bill told him truth The good thought was in his heart, because he found himself on a footing with the beggar; and nothing brings down pride, or softens the heart, like feeling what it is to want.

"Why you are in a worse state than I am," said the old man; you have a family to provide for, and I have only myself to support."

"You may kiss the book on that, my old worthy," replied Bill; "but come, what I can do for you I will; plant yourself up here beside the fire, and I'll give it a blast or two of my bellows that will warm the old blood in your body. It's a cold, miserable, snowy day, and a good heat will be of service.

"Thank you kindly," said the old man; "I *am* cold, and a warming at your fire will do me good, sure enough. Oh, it *is* a bitter, bitter day, God bless it!"

He then sat down, and Bill blew a rousing blast that soon made the stranger edge back from the heat. In a short time he felt quite comfortable, and when the numbness was taken out of his joints, he buttoned himself up and prepared to depart.

"Now," says he to Bill, "you hadn't the food to give me, but *what you could you did.* Ask any three wishes you choose, and be they what they may, take my word for it, they shall be granted."

Now the truth is that Bill, though he believed himself a great man in point of 'cuteness, wanted, after all, a full quarter of being square; for there is always a great difference between a wise man and a knave. Bill was so much of a rogue that he could not, for the blood of him, ask an honest wish, but stood scratching his head in a puzzle.

"Three wishes!" said he. "Why—let me see—did you say *three?*"

"Ay," replied the stranger, "three wishes—that was what I said."

"Well," said Bill, "here goes,—aha!—let me alone, my old worthy!—faith I'll overreach the parish if what you say is true; I'll cheat them in dozens, rich and poor, old and young; let me alone, man,—I have it here;" and he tapped his forehead with great glee. "Faith, you're the sort to meet of a frosty morning, when a man wants his breakfast; and I'm sorry that I have neither money nor credit to get a bottle of whiskey, that we might take our *morning* together."

"Well, but let us hear the wishes," said the old man; "my time is short, and I cannot stay much longer."

"Do you see this sledge hammer?" said Bill; "I wish, in the first place, that whoever takes it up in their hands may never be able to lay it down till I give them lave; and that whoever begins to sledge with it may never stop sledging till it's my pleasure to release him."

"Secondly:—I have an arm-chair, and I wish that whoever sits down in it may never rise out of it till they have my consent."

"And thirdly—that whatever money I put into my purse, nobody may have power to take it out of it but myself!"

"You devil's rip!" said the old man in a passion, shaking his staff across Bill's nose, "why did you not ask something that would sarve you both here and hereafter? Sure it's as common as the market cross, that there's not a vagabone in his Majesty's dominions stands more in need of both."

"Oh! by the elevens," said Bill, "I forgot that altogether! Maybe you'd be civil enough to change one of them? The sorra a purtier wish ever was made than I'll make, if you'll give me another chance."

"Get out, you reprobate," said the old fellow, still in a passion. "Your day of grace is past. Little you knew who was speaking to you all this time. I'm St. Peter, you blackguard, and I gave you an opportunity of doing something for yourself and your family; but you neglected it, and now your fate is cast, you dirty bogtrotting profligate. Sure it's well known what you are! Aren't you a byword in everybody's mouth, you and your scold of a wife! By the Pope's toe! if ever you show your nose to me above stairs, I'll send you in a different direction."

He then gave Bill a rap of his cudgel over the head, and laid him at his length beside the bellows, kicked a broken coal-scuttle out of his way, and left the forge in a fury.

When Billy recovered himself from the effects of the blow, and began to think on what had happened, he could have quartered himself with vexation for not asking great wealth as one of the wishes at least; but now the die was cast on him, and he could only make the most of the three he pitched upon.

He now bethought him how he might turn the wishes to the best account, and here his cunning came to his aid. He began by sending for his wealthiest neighbors on pretence of business; and when he got them under his roof, he offered them the arm-charm to sit down in. He now had them safe, nor could all the art of man relieve them except worthy Bill was willing. Bill's plan was to make the best bargain he could before he released his prisoners: and let him alone for knowing how to make their purses bleed. There wasn't a wealthy man in the country he did not fleece. The parson of the parish d heavily; so did the priest, and a rich attorney who had retired from practice swore that the Court of Chancery itself was paradise compared to Bill's chair.

This was all very good for a time. The fame of his chair, however, soon spread; so did that of his sledge. In a short time neither man, woman, nor child would darken his door; all avoided him and his fixtures as they would a spring-gun or man-trap. Bill, so long as he fleeced his neighbors, never wrought a hand's turn; so that when his money was out, he found himself as badly off as ever, except that he was not able to drink and feed so heartily as usual. In addition to all this, his character was fifty times worse than before; for it was the general belief that he had dealings with the devil. Nothing now could exceed his misery, distress, and ill-temper. The wife and he and their children all fought among one another like devils; everybody hated them, cursed them, and avoided them. The people thought they were acquainted with more than Christian people ought to know; for the family, they said, was very like one that the devil drove. All this of course came to Bill's ears, and it vexed him very much.

One day he was walking about the fields thinking of how he could raise the wind once more; the day was dark, and he found himself, before he stopped, in the bottom of a lonely glen covered by great bushes that grew on each side. "Well," thought he, when every other means of raising money failed him, "it's reported that I'm in league with the devil, and as it's a folly to have the name of the connexion without the profit, I'm ready to make a bargain with him any day;" "so," said he, raising his voice, "Nick, you sinner, if you be convenient and willing, why stand out here; show your best leg,—here's your man."

The words were hardly out of his mouth, when a dark sober-looking old gentleman, not unlike a lawyer, walked up to him. Bill looked at the foot and saw the hoof.

"Morrow, Nick," says Bill.

"Morrow, Bill," says Nick. "Well, Bill, what's the news?"

"Devil a much myself hears of late," says Bill, "is there anything *fresh* below?"

"I can't exactly say, Bill; I spend little of my time down now; the Whigs are in office and my hands are consequently too full of business here to pay much attention to anything else."

"A fine place this, sir," says Bill, "to take a constitutional walk in; when I want an appetite I often comes this way myself,—hem! *High* feeding is very bad without exercise."

"High feeding! Come, come, Bill, you know you didn't taste a morsel these four-and-twenty hours."

"You know that's a bounce, Nick. I eat a breakfast this morning that would put a stone of flesh on you, if you only smelt at it."

"Bill, you're not remarkable for truth."

"I hope you'll still say so, Nick. You're too well known to gain credit; and between you and me, I'd rather have your ill word than your good one."

"You have never deserved any but a good word from me, Bill," replied the other. "You're the first swindler on the face of the earth."

"*You* must go *down stairs*,—must lave the earth to myself before you say so, Nickey."

"No matter; this is not to the purpose. What's that you were muttering to yourself awhile ago? If you want to come to the brunt, here I'm for you."

"Nick," said Bill, "you're complate; you want nothing barring a pair of Brian O'Lynn's breeches."

Bill, in fact was bent on making his companion open the bargain because he had often heard that in that case, with proper care on his own part, he might defeat him in the long run. The other, however, was his match.

"What was the nature of Brian's garment," enquired Nick.

"Why, according to the song," said Bill—

> "Bryan O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,
> So he got a sheep's skin for to make him a pair;
> With the fleshy side out, and the woolly side in,
> They'll be pleasant and *cool*, says Bryan O'Lynn".

"A *cool* pair would sarve you, Nick,"

"Your mighty waggish to day, mister Duffy."

"And good right I have," said Bill; "I'm a man snug and well to do in the world; have lots of money, plenty of good eating and drinking, and what more need a man wish for?"

"True," said the other; "in the mean time it's rather odd that so respectable a man should not have six inches of unbroken cloth in his apparel. You are as naked a tatterdemallion as I ever laid my eyes on; in full dress for a party of scarecrows, William."

"That's my own fancy, Nicky; I don't work at my trade like a gentleman. This is my forge dress, you know."

"Well, but what did you summon me here for?" said the other; "you may as well speak out I tell you; for my good friend, unless *you* do *I* shan't. Smell that."

"I smell more than that," said Bill; and by the way, I'll thank you to give me the windy side of you—all sulphur I say. There, that's what I call an improvement in my condition. But as you *are* stiff," says Bill, "why, the short and the long of it is—that—hem—you see I'm—tut—sure you know I have a thriving trade of my own, and that if I like I needn't be at a loss; but in the mane time I'm rather in a kind of a so, so—don't you *take?*"

And Bill winked knowingly, hoping to trick him into the first proposal.

"You must speak above board, my friend," says the other; "I'm a man of few words, blunt and honest. If you have any thing to say, be plain. Don't think I can be losing my time with such a pitiful rascal as you are."

"Why, you precious old rip," says Bill, "dont think your *low* breeding will pass among dacent people here? However, I believe I may as well speak out; for I see you know how the wind sits, although you did not consider that a while ago;" and Bill put his finger and thumb to his nose. "I want money, then, and am ready to come into terms. What have you to say to that, Nicky?"

"Set me see—let me look at you," says his companion, turning him about. "Now, Bill, in the first place, are you not as finished a scarecrow as ever stood upon two legs?"

"I play second fiddle to you there again," said Bill.

"There you stand with the blackguard's coat of arms quartered under your eye and—"

"Dont make little of *black*guards," said Bill, nor spake disparagingly of *your own* crest."

"Why, what would you bring, you brazen rascal, if you were fairly put up at auction?"

"Faith, I'd bring more bidders than you would," said Bill, "if you were to go off at auction to-morrow. I tell you they should bid *downwards* to come to your value, Nicholas. We have no coin *small* enough to purchase you"

"Well, no matter," said Nick, "if you are willing to be mine at the expiration of seven years, I will give you more money than ever the rascally breed of you was worth."

"Done!" said Bill; "but no desparagement to my family, in the mean time; so down with the hard cash, and dont be a *nager*."

The money was accordingly paid down; but as nobody was present, except the giver and receiver, the amount of what Bill got was never known.

"Wont you give me a luck-penny?" said the old gentleman."

"Tut," said Billy, "so prosperous an old fellow as you cannot want it; however the devil's luck to you, with all my heart! and it's rubbing grease to a fat pig to say so. Be off now, or I'll commit suicide on you. Your absence is a cordial to most people, you infernal old profligate. You have injured my morals even for the short time you have been with me; for I don't find myself so virtuous as I was."

"Is that your gratitude, Billy?"

"Is it gratitude *you* speak of, man? I wonder you dont blush when you name it. However, when you come again, if you bring a third eye in your head, you will see what I mane, Nicholas, ahagur."

The old gentleman, as Bill spoke, hopped across the ditch on his way to *Downing*-street, where of late 'tis thought he possesses much influence.

Bill now began by degrees to show off; but still wrought a little at his trade to blindfold the neighbors. In a very short time, however, he became a very great man. So long, indeed, as he was a *poor* rascal no decent person would speak to him; even the proud serving-men at the "Big House" would turn up their noses at him. And he well deserved to be made little of by others, because he was mean enough to make little of himself. But when it was seen and known that he had oceans of money, it was wonderful to think, although he was *now* a greater blackguard than ever, how those who despised him before, began to come round him and court his company. Bill, however, had neither sense nor spirit to make those sunshiny friends know their distance; not he—instead of that he was proud to be seen in decent company, and so long as the money lasted, it was, "hail fellow well met," between himself and every fair-faced *spunger* who had a horse under him, a decent coat to his back, and a good appetite to eat his dinners. With riches and all, Bill was the same man still; but, somehow or other, there is a great difference between a rich profligate and a poor one, and Bill found it so to his cost in *both* cases.

Before half the seven years was passed Bill had his carriage, and his equipages; was hand and glove with my lord this, and my lord that; kept hounds and hunters; was the first sportsman at the Curragh; patronized every boxing ruffian he could pick up; and betted night and day on cards, dice, and horses. Bill, in short, *should* be a blood, and except he did all this, he could not presume to mingle with the fashionable bloods of his time.

Its an old proverb, however, that "what is got over the devil's back is sure to go under it;" and in Bill's case this proved true. In short, the devil himself could not supply him with money so fast as he made it fly; it was "come easy, go easy," with Bill, and so sign was on it, before he came within two years of his time he found his purse empty.

And now came the value of his summer friends to be known. When it was discovered that the cash was no longer flush with him—that stud, and carriage, and hounds were going to the hammer—whish! off they went, friends, relations, pot-companions, dinner-eaters, black-legs and all, like a flock of crows that had smelt gunpowder. Down Bill soon went, week after week, and day after day, until at last, he was obliged to put on the leather apron, and take to the hammer again; and not only that, for as no experience could make him wise, he once more began his tap-room brawls, his quarrels with Judy, and took to his "high feeding" at the dry potatoes and salt. Now, too, came the cutting tongues of all who knew him, like razors upon him. Those that he scorned because they were poor and himself rich, now paid him back his own with interest; and those that he measured himself with, because they were rich, and who only countenanced him in consequence of his wealth, gave him the hardest word in their cheeks. The devil mend him! He deserved it all, and more if he had got it.

"What could be expected from a low upstart like him!" one would say; "sure only *I* saw other decent people keeping his company, *I* would never have crossed his threshhold; but people must do as the world does." "Yes, indeed," another would observe, "set a beggar on horseback and he'll ride to the devil. Bill Duffy, indeed! His wealth became him, I'm sure! Why, it was like a gold ring on a pig's nose, or top boots on a beggarman!"

"Oh, the common spendthrift!" a third would say, "sure every one that saw how he went on, knew he would go to the devil at last!" And so on.

Bill, however, who was a hardened sinner, never fretted himself down an ounce of flesh by what was said to him, or of him. Not he; he cursed, and fought, and swore, and schemed away as usual; taking in every one he could, and surely none could match him at villainy of all sorts and sizes.

At last the seven years became expired, and Bill was one morning sitting in his forge, sober and hungry, the wife cursing him, and the childher squalling, as before; he was thinking how he might defraud some honest neighbor out of a breakfast to stop their mouths and his own too, when who walks into him but old Nick, to demand his bargain.

"Morrow, Bill!" says he with a sneer.

"The devil welcome you!" says Bill; but you have a fresh memory."

"A bargain's a bargain between two *honest* men, any day," says Satan; "when I speak of *honest* men, I mean *yourself* and *me*, Bill; and he put his tongue in his cheek to make game of the unfortunate rogue he had come for.

"Nick, my worthy fellow," said Bill, "have bowels; you wouldn't do a shabby thing; you wouldn't disgrace your own character by putting more weight upon a falling man. You know what it is to get a *come down* yourself, my worthy; so just keep your toe in your pump, and walk off with yourself somewhere else. A *cool* walk will sarve you better than my company, Nicholas."

"Bill, it's no use in shirking;" said his friend, "your swindling tricks may enable you to cheat others, but you wont cheat *me*, I guess. You want nothing to make you perfect in your way but to travel; and travel you shall, under my guidance, Billy. No, no—*I'm* not to be swindled, my good fellow. I have rather a—a—better opinion of myself, Mr. D., than to think that you could outwit one Nicholas Clutie, Esq.—ehem!"

"You may sneer, you sinner," replied Bill; "but I tell you for your comfort that I have outwitted men who could buy and sell you to your face.—Despair, you villian, when I tell you that *no attorney* could stand before me."

Satan's countenance got blank when he heard this; he wriggled and fidgetted about, and appeared to be not quite comfortable.

"In that case, then," says he, "the sooner I *deceive* you the better, so turn out for the *low countries*."

"Is it come to that in earnest!" said Bill, "and are you going to act the rascal at the long run!"

"'Pon honour, Bill."

"Have patience, then, you sinner, till I finish this horse-shoe—it's the last of a set I'm finishing for one of your friend, the attorney's horses. And here, Nick, I hate idleness, you know it's the mother of mischief, take this sledge-hammer, and give a dozen strokes or so, till I get it out of hands, and then here's with you, since it must be so."

He then gave the bellows a puff that blew half a peck of dust in Clubfoot's face, whipped out the red-hot iron, and set Satan sledging away for the bare life.

"Faith," says Bill to him, when the shoe was finished, "it's a thousand pities ever the sledge should be out of your hand; the great *Parra Gow* was a child to you at sledging, you're such an able tyke. Now just exercise yourself till I bid the wife and childher good-bye, and then I'm off."

Out went Bill, of course, without the slightest notion of coming back; no more than Nick had that the sledge hammer would stick to him like a blister. He waited however, until Bill had full time to return, then made due allowance for the nature of their parting; but after a little further delay, and no sign of Bill, he began to feel misgivings. "I fear," said he, "the fellow is bent on giving me the slip; but wait—although his contrivances overreach others, I am resolved they shan't overreach *me*. So now for a chase."

He strove to pitch the sledge-hammer away, as he spoke; but it wouldn't do: he tried again; but it still demurred. He then looked at it, pulled one hand, then another, tossed it against the anvil-block, struck the bellows, cracked the walls, got his feet round the head of it, pulled, puffed, cursed, and swore, till there wasn't a puff of breath in his body. He now danced like a madman up and down the forge, lashed himself with his tail, fizzed and fumed, and knocked his horns against this thing and that, till he wrought himself into a foam; but all would'nt do. The sledge had a regard for him, and would by no means leave him by himself in so dangerous a state. He then got into a fresh fury, and began to sledge at the anvil with a hope that by opening his hands, as he sent away the blow, it might fly out of them This was just what Bill wanted. He was now compelled to sledge on without stopping until it was Bill's pleasure to release him; and so we leave him, sledging away at the bare anvil, as if it was for a wager, while we look after the worthy who outwitted him.

In the mean time, Bill broke cover, and took to the country at large; wrought a little journey-work wherever he could get it, and in this way went from one place to another, till in the course of a month, he walked back very coolly into his own forge, to see how things went on in his absence. There he found Satan in a rage, the perspiration pouring from him in torrents, hammering with might and main upon the naked anvil. Bill calmly leaned his back against the wall, placed his hat upon the side of his head, put his hands into his breeches pockets, and began to whistle *Shaun Gow's* hornpipe. At length he says, in a very quiet and good-humored way—

"Morrow, Nick!"

"Oh!" says Nick, still hammering away—"Oh! you double-distilled villain (hech!), may the most refined, ornamental (hech!), double-rectified, super-extra, and original (hech!) collection of curses that ever was gathered (hech!) into a single nosegay of ill fortune (hech!) shine in the button-hole of your conscience (hech!) while your name is Billy Duffy! I denounce you (hech!) as a double-milled villain, a finished, hot-pressed knave (hech!), in comparison of whom all the other knaves I ever knew (hech!), attorneys included, are honest men. I brand you (hech!) as the pearl of cheats, a tip-top take-in (hech!) I denounce you, I say again, for the villainous treatment (hech!) I have received at your hands, in this most untoward (hech!) and unfortunate transaction between us; for (hech!) unfortunate in every sense, is he that has any thing to do with (hech!) such a prime and finished impostor."

"You're very warm, Nicky," says Bill; "what puts you into a passion, you old sinner. Sure if its your own will and pleasure to take exercise at my anvil, *I'm* not to be abused for it. Upon my credit, Nicky, you ought to blush for using such blackguard language, so unbecoming your grave character. You cannot say that it was I set you a hammering at the empty anvil, you profligate. However, as you are so industrious, I simply say it would be a thousand pities to take you from it. Nick, I love industry in my heart, and I always encourage it; so work away; it's not often you spend your time so creditably. I'm afraid if you weren't at that you'd be worse employed."

"Bill, have bowels," said the operative; "you wouldn't go to lay more weight on a falling man, you know; you wouldn't disgrace your character by such a piece of iniquity as keeping an inoffensive gentleman, advanced in years, at such an unbecoming and rascally job as this. Generosity's your top virtue, Bill; not but that you have many other excellent ones, as well as that among which, as you say yourself, I reckon industry; but still it is in generosity you *shine*. Come, Bill, honor bright, and release me."

"Name the terms, you profligate."

"You're above terms, William; a generous fellow like you never thinks of terms."

"Good bye, old gentleman!" said Bill, very coolly; "I'll drop in to see you once a month."

"No, no, Bill, you infern—a—a— you excellent, worthy, delightful fellow, not so fast; not so fast. Come name your terms, you—my dear Bill, name your terms."

"Seven years more."

"I agree; but ——"

"And the same supply of cash as before, down on the nail here."

"Very good; very good. You're rather simple, Bill; rather soft, I must confess. Well, no matter. I shall yet turn the tab—a—hem! You are an exceedingly simple fellow, Bill: still there will come a day, my *dear* Bill—there will come ——"

"Do you grumble, you vagrant? Another word, and I double the terms."

"Mum, William—mum; *tace* is Latin for a candle."

"Seven years more of grace, and the same measure of the needful that I got before. Ay or no?"

"Of grace, Bill!! Ay! ay! ay! There's the cash. I accept the terms: Oh blood! the rascal—of grace!! Bill!"

"Well, now drop the hammer, and vanish."

"Before I go, Bill, I'll show you what it is to be generous. There's a third more of the hard cash. I know of none who will make so good use of it, except old P——, who, when his father left him the sum of nothing, said that he would leave that part of the legacy to be divided among the poor. Do you know another reason why I give you this?"

"No; but I won't be long so, while you're to the fore."

"It is simply that you may sink your connection with me, Bill y. The fact is, *I* have a character to support; and if it was generally known that I—a—a— had any particular knowledge of you, it would be rather a stain upon me. You are, William, some centuries before the age in wickedness, and therefore, at present, it would be discreditable in me to be known as your intimate. I have my reasons for this, that's all; I say I have my reasons."

"Very good," said Billy, delighted, in the first place, with the additional cash; you wish it to be thought that the devil is not as black as he's painted; but what would you think to take this sledge while you stay, and give me a —— eh! why in such a hurry?" he added, seeing that Satan withdrew in double quick time.

"Hollo! Nicholas!" he shouted, "come back; you forgot something!" and when the old gentleman looked behind him, Billy shook the hammer at him, on which he vanished altogether.

Billy now got into his old courses; and what shows the kind of people the world is made of, he also took up with his old company. When they saw that he had the money once more, and was sowing it about him in all directions, they immediately began to find excuses for his former extravagance.

"Say what you will," said one, "Bill Duffy's a spirited fellow, and bleeds like a prince."

"He's as hospitable a man in his own house, or out of it, as ever lived," said another.

"His only fault is," observed a third, "that he is, if any thing, too generous, and doesn't know the value of money; his fault's on the right side, however."

"He has the spunk in him," said a fourth; "keeps a capital table, prime wines, and a standing welcome for his friends."

"Why," said a fifth, "if he doesn't enjoy his money while he lives, he won't when he's dead; so more power to him, and a wider throat to his purse."

Indeed the very persons who were cramming themselves at his expense despised him at heart. They knew very well, however, how to take him on the weak side. Praise his generosity, and he would do any thing; call him a man of spirit, and you might fleece him to his face. Sometimes he would toss a purse of guineas to this knave, another to that flatterer, a third to a bully, and a fourth to some broken down rake—and all to convince them that *he* was a sterling friend—a man of mettle and liberality. But never was he known to help a virtuous and struggling family—to assist the widow or the fatherless, or to do any other act that was *truly* useful. It is to be supposed the reason of this was, that as he spent it, as most of the world do, in the service of the devil, by whose aid he got it, he was prevented from turning it to a good account. Between you and me, dear reader, there are more persons acting after Bill's fashion in the same world than you dream about. Bill had now more practice at spending money than before, and although he had received a greater sum, yet he contrived to get through it in a shorter time. The kind of pleasure he drew from his dissipation was like the pleasure of quenching one's thirst in a dream—that is to say, no pleasure at all. In the dream a man drinks and drinks; but his thirst is never satisfied. So it was with Bill; he spent and spent, but never enjoyed what he spent. All his former follies were taken up again—all his former crimes repeated; then new follies and new crimes were added to the list. And so he went on as long as his money lasted.

When it was out, his friends played him the same rascally game once more. No sooner did his poverty become plain, than the knaves began to be troubled with small fits of modesty, such as an unwillingness to come to his place when there was no longer any thing to be got there. A kind of virgin bashfulness prevented them from speaking to him when they saw him getting out on the wrong side of his clothes. Many of them would turn away from him in the prettiest and most delicate manner when they thought he wanted to borrow money from them—all for fear of putting him to the blush by asking it. Others again, when they saw him coming towards their houses about dinner hour, would become so confused, from mere gratitude, as to think themselves in another place; and their servants, seized, as it were, with the same feeling, would tell Bill that their masters were "not at home."

At length, after travelling the same villainous round as before, Bill was compelled to betake himself, as the last remedy, to the forge; in other words, he found that there is, after all, nothing in this world that a man can rely on so firmly and surely as his own industry. Bill, however, wanted the organ of common sense; for his experience, and it was sharp enough to leave an impression, run off him like water off a duck.

He took to his employment sorely against his grain; but he had now no choice. He must either work or starve, and starvation is like a great doctor, nobody tries it till every other remedy fails them. Bill had been twice rich; twice a gentleman among blackguards, but always a blackguard among gentlemen*; for no wealth or acquaintance with decent society could rub the rust of his native vulgarity off him. He was now a common blinking sot in his forge; a drunken bully in the tap-room, cursing and brow-beating every one as well as his wife; boasting of how much money he had spent in his day; swaggering about the high doings he carried on; telling stories about himself and Lord This at the Curragh; the dinners he gave—how much they cost him, and attempting to extort credit upon the strength of his former wealth. He was too ignorant, however, to know that he was publishing his own disgrace, and that it was a mean-spirited thing to be proud of what ought to make him blush through a deal board nine inches thick.

He was one morning industriously engaged in a quarrel with his wife, who, with a three-legged stool in her hand, appeared to mistake his head for his own anvil; he, in the mean time, paid his addresses to her with his leather apron, when who steps in to jog his memory about the little agreement that was between them, but old Nick. The wife, it seems, in spite of all her exertions to the contrary, was getting the worst of it; and Sir Nicholas, willing to appear a gentleman of great gallantry, thought he could not do less than take up the lady's quarrel, particularly as Bill had laid her in a sleeping posture. Now Satan thought this too bad; and as he felt himself under many obligations to the sex, he determined to defend one of them on the present occasion; so as Judy rose, he turned upon the husband, and floored him by a clever facer.

"You unmanly villain," said he, "is this the way you treat your wife! 'Pon honor, Bill, I'll chastise you on the spot. I could not stand by a spectator of such ungentlemanly conduct without giving up all claim to gallant——"

Whack! the word was divided in his mouth by the blow of a churn-staff from Judy, who no sooner saw Bill struck, than she nailed Satan, who "fell" once more.

"What, you villain, that's for striking my husband like a murderer behind his back," said Judy, and she suited the action to the word, "that's for interfering between man and wife. Would you murder the poor man before my face! eh? If *he* bates me, you shabby dog you, who has a better right? I'm sure it's nothing out of your pocket. Must you have your finger in every pie?"

This was anything but *idle* talk; for at every word she gave him a remembrance, hot and heavy. Nicholas backed, danced, and hopped; she advanced, still drubbing him with great perseverance, till at length he fell into the redoubtable arm chair, which stood exactly behind him. Bill, who had been putting in two blows for Judy's one, seeing that his enemy was safe, now got between the devil and his wife, *a situation that few will be disposed to envy him.*

"Tenderness, Judy," said the husband, "I hate cruelty. Go put the tongs in the fire, and make them red hot. Nicholas, you have a nose," said he.

Satan began to rise, but was rather surprised to find that he could not budge.

"Nicholas," says Bill, "how is your pulse? you don't look well; that is to say, you look worse than usual."

The other attempted to rise, but found it a mistake.

"I'll thank you to come along," said Bill, "I have a fancy to travel under your guidance, and we'll take the *Low Countries* in our way, wont we! Get to your legs, you sinner; you know a bargain's a bargain between two *honest men*, Nicholas; meaning *yourself* and *me*. Judy, are the tongs hot? The devil's nose is waiting for them; it's out of all patience."

Satan's face was worth looking at, as he turned his eyes from the husband to the wife, and then fastened them on the tongs, now nearly at a furnace heat in the fire, conscious at the same time that he could not move out of the chair.

"Billy," said he, "you wont forget that I rewarded your generosity the last time I saw you, in the way of business."

"Faith, Nicholas, it fails me to remember any generosity I ever showed you. Don't be womanish. I simply want to see what kind of stuff your nose is made of, and whether it will stretch like a rogue's conscience. If it does, we will flatter it up the *chimly* with the red hot tongs, and when this old hat is fixed on the top of it, let us alone for a weather cock."

"Billy," said Satan, "I say again, considering my years, would you treat an aged gentleman so vilely? Bill, I always considered you a gentlemanly sort of person, upon my soul I did; and from one gentleman to another, William, this is not the thing. Consider my years, William; I'm advanced in life, and my age alone ought to protect me."

"Your age did not protect *me*, Nicky, when you gave me the facer awhile ago; the last time you were at my sledge you gave no sign of age or weakness. In villany you're old enough, you sinner."

"Then have a *fellow-feeling*, Mr. Duffy; you know *we* ought not to dispute, William. Come, come, drop the matter, and I give you the next seven years."

"We know all that," says Billy, opening the red hot tongs very coolly.

"Mr. Duffy," said Satan, "if you cannot remember my friendship to yourself, don't forget how often I stood your father's friend, your grandfather's friend, and the friend of all your relations up to the tenth generation. I intended, also, to stand by your children after you, so long as the name of Duffy, and a respectable one it is, might last."

"Don't be blushing, Nick," says Bill, "you are too modest; that was ever your failing, keep up your head, there's money bid for you. I'll give you such a nose, my good friend, that you will have to keep an outrider before you, to carry the end of it on his shoulder."

"Mr. Duffy, I pledge my honor to raise your children in the world as high as they can go; no matter whether they desire it or not."

"That's very kind of you," says the other, "and I'll do as much for your nose."

He gripped it as he spoke, and the old boy immediately sung out; Bill pulled, and the nose went with him like a piece of warm wax. He then transferred the tongs to Judy, got a ladder, resumed the tongs, ascended the chimney, and tugged stoutly at the nose until he got it five feet above the roof. He then fixed the hat upon the top of it, and came down.

"There's a weathercock," said Billy, "I defy Ireland to show such a beauty. Faith, Nick, it would make the purtiest steeple for a church, in all Europe, and the old hat fits it to a shaving."

In this state, with his nose twisted up the chimney, Satan sat for some time, experiencing what may be termed a peculiar sensation. At last the worthy husband and wife began to relent:

"I think," said Bill, "that we have made the most of the nose, as well as the joke; I believe, Judy, it's long enough."

"What is?" says Judy.

"Why, the joke," said the husband.

"Faith, and I think so is the nose," said Judy.

"What do you say yourself, Satan?" said Bill.

"Nothing at all, William," said the other; "but that—ha! ha!—it's a good joke—an excellent joke, and a goodly nose, too, as it *stands*. You were always a gentlemanly man, Bill, and did things with a grace; still, if I might give an opinion on such a trifle——"

"It's no trifle at all," says the other; "if you spake of the nose."

"Very well, it is not," says the other; "still, if I might venture an opinion, with great submission to you, Bill—upon so important a subject"—he had one eye up the chimney, and the other cocked at Bill, as he spoke—"I think, William dear, Mr. William, or rather, William Duffy, Esq., and a gentleman—I think, with every respect and deference to you and your very respectable and interesting wife, Mrs. Duffy—I agree, I say, with each of you, and am decidedly of opinion, that if you could shorten both the joke and the nose without further violence, you would lay me under very heavy obligations, which I shall be ready to acknowledge and *repay*, as I ought."

"Come," said Bill, "shell out once more, and be off for seven years. As much as you came down with the last time, and vanish."

The words were scarcely spoken, when the money was at his feet, and Satan invisible. Nothing could surpass the mirth of Bill and his wife, at the result of this adventure. They laughed till they fell down on the floor.

It is useless to go over the same ground again. Bill was still incorrigible. The money went as the devil's money always goes. Bill caroused and squandered, but could never turn a penny of it to a good purpose. In this way year after year went, till the seventh was closed, and Bill's hour come. He was now, and had been for some time past, as miserable a knave as ever. Not a shilling had he, nor a shilling's worth, with the exception of his forge, his cabin, and a few articles of crazy furniture. In this state he was standing in his forge as before, straining his ingenuity how to make out a breakfast, when Satan came to look after him.

The old gentleman was sorely puzzled how to get at him. He kept skulking and sneaking about the forge for some time, till he saw that Bill hadn't a cross to bless himself with. He immediately changed himself into a guinea, and lay in an open place where he knew Bill would see him.

"If," said he, "I get once into his possession, I can manage him."

The honest smith took the bait, for it was well gilded, he clutched the guinea, put it in his purse, and closed it up.

"Ho! ho!" shouted the devil out of the purse, "you're caught, Bill; I've secured you at last, you knave you. Why don't you despair, you villain, when you think of what's before you!"

"Why you unlucky old dog," said Bill, "is it there you are? will you always drive your head into every loop-hole that's set for you? Faith, Nick achora, I never had you bagged till now."

Satan then began to swell and tug and struggle with a view of getting out of the purse, but in vain. He found himself fast, and perceived that he was once more in Bill's power.

"Mr. Duffy," said he, "we understand each other. I'll give the seven years additional and the cash on the nail."

"Be aisey, Nicholas. You know the weight of the hammer, that's enough. It's not a whipping with feathers you're going to get, any how. Just be aisey."

"Mr. Duffy, I grant I'm not your match. Release me, and I double the cash. I was merely trying your temper when I took the shape of a guinea."

"Faith and I'll try yours before you lave it, I've a notion."

He immediately commenced with the sledge, and Satan sang out with a considerable want of firmness.

"Am I heavy enough?" said Bill.

"Lighter, lighter William, if you love me. I haven't been well, latterly, Mr. Duffy—I have been delicate—my health, in short, is in a very precarious state, Mr. Duffy."

"I can believe *that*," said Bill, "and it will be more so before I have done with you. Am I doing it right?"

"Beautifully, William; but a little of the heaviest; strike me light, Bill, my head's tender, oh!"

"Heads or tails, my old boy," exclaimed the other; "I don't care which; it's all the same to me what side of you is up—but here goes to help the impression—bach!"

"Bill," said Nicholas, "is this gentlemanly treatment in your own respectable shop? Do you think, if you dropped into my little place, that I'd act this rascally part towards you? Have you no compunction!"

"I know," replied Bill, sledging away with vehemence, "that you're notorious for giving your friends a *warm* welcome. Divil an ould youth more so; but you must be daling in bad coin, must you? However, good or bad, you're in for a sweat now, you sinner. Am I doin' it purty?"

"Lovely, William—but, if possible, a little more delicate."

"Oh, how delicate you are! May be a cup o' tay would sarve you, or a little small gruel to compose your stomick."

"Mr. Duffy," said the gentleman in the purse, "hold your hand, and let us understand one another. I have a proposal to make."

"Hear the sinner, anyhow," said the wife.

"Name your own sum," said Satan, "only set me free."

"No, the sorrow may take the toe you'll budge till you let Bill off," said the wife; "hould him hard, Bill, barrin' he sets *you* clear of your engagement."

"There it is, my posey," said Bill; "that's the condition. If you don't give *me up*, here's at you once more—and you must double the cash you gave the last time, too. So, if you're of that opinion, say *ay*—leave the cash, and be off."

"Oh, murder!" groaned the old one, "am I to be done by an Irish spalpeen! I who was never done before."

"Keep a mannerly tongue in your head, Nick," said Bill; "if you're not *done* by this time you must be the divil's *tough morsel*, for I'm sure you're long enough *at the fire*, you villain. Do you agree to the terms?"

"Ay, ay," replied the other, "let me out—and I hope I have done with you."

The money again immediately appeared in a glittering heap before Bill, upon which he exclaimed—

"The *ay* has it, you dog. Take to your pumps now, and fair weather after you, you vagrant: but Nicholas—Nick—here—here—"

The other looked back and saw Bill, with a broad grin upon him, shaking the purse at him—"Nicholas, come back," said he, "I'm short a guinea."

The other shook his fist in return, and shouted out, looking over his shoulder as he spoke, but not stopping—

"Oh you superlative villain, keep from me—I wish to have done with you—and all I hope is that I'll never meet you either here or hereafter." So saying he disappeared.

It would be useless to stop now merely to inform our readers that Bill was beyond improvement. In short, he once more took to his old habits, and lived on exactly in the same manner as before. He had two sons, one as great a blackguard as himself, and who was also named after him; the other was a well conducted, virtuous young man, called James, who left his father, and having relied upon his own industry and honest perseverance in life, arrived afterwards to great wealth, and built the town called Bally James Duff, which is so called from its founder until this day.

Bill, at length, in spite of all his wealth, was obliged, as he himself said, "to travel,"—in other words, he fell asleep one day, and forgot to awaken; or, in still plainer terms, he died.

Now, it is usual, when a man dies, to close the history of his life and adventures at once; but with our hero this cannot be the case. The moment Bill departed, he very naturally bent his steps towards the gate kept by St. Peter, as being, in his opinion, likely to lead him towards the snuggest birth he could readily make out. On arriving he gave a very humble kind of a knock, and St. Peter appeared.

"God save your Reverence!" said Bill, very submissively.

"God save you kindly!" said the saint; "are you for the snuggery inside?"

"Sure your reverence knows I wouldn't come here if I wasn't. Turn the kay, sir, if you plase, and don't be keepin' me waitin', for troth I'm hardly able to mark the ground with fatigue, and I have a great dale of pleasant news that I'll tell you within. Sure Dan O'Connell——"

"Where's your pass, first?"

"Here it is," replied Bill, "signed by my parish priest; and a purty penny it cost me."

"Whew!" whistled the saint, "is *that* your depindance! that scrape?"

"Faith, your reverence," said Bill, "it's no forgery, anyway, but written with his own holy hand—be the same token he tould me that himself and your reverence were as great as two pickpockets."

St. Peter looked sharply at him—

"What's your name?" said he.

"Billy Duffy, plaise your reverence."

"Oh, then, you unfortunate scamp," exclaimed the saint, in great wrath, "can it be possible, that after having outwitted the devil three times, you'd let yourself be outwitted by a priest at last. Forgery! Why you old reprobate, that pass is the grossest forgery that ever was committed. All very well to get the money from you below, but it's no go here, Bill." He added—"And so you paid your priest for a piece of stuff that's worth nothing more at this gate than so much waste paper. When your priest himself comes here, you sinner, he'll sing as small, and find as much to do to keep himself safe as any of you will."

"Holy Moses!" exclaimed Bill, "am I *bit* this way—be this and be that, in one sense, then, what Father M'Cudgel said was true, at any rate—for sure enough the man that bit Bill Duffy ought to be a match for the devil any day."

"Begone out of that," said St. Peter, slapping the gate in his face—"if I could do any thing for you, I would. I dont forget the day you warmed my nose at your forge; but you've put it out of my power—so move; M'Cudgel's pass has dished you."

Bill then turned his steps very disconsolately towards purgatory; but it so happened that he was too wicked even for this blessed bed of comfort—for after finding that his pass was looked upon as a forgery there also, he got orders to pass on—being agreeably assured that he must "go further and fare worse."

He was now so cold and fatigued that he cared little where he went, provided only, as he said himself, "he could rest his bones, and get an air of the fire." Accordingly, after arriving at the third and last gate, he knocked, as before, and was told he would get *instant* admittance the moment he gave his name, in order that they might find out his berth from the registry, taking it for granted that he had been booked for them, as is usual in such cases.

"I think your master is acquainted with me," said Billy.

"If he were not, you'd not come here," said the porter; "there are no friendly visits made to us. What's your name?"

"Billy Duffy," he replied

The porter and several of his companions gave a yell of terror, such as Bill had never heard before, and immediately every bolt was bolted, every chain drawn tight across the gate, and every available weight and bar placed against it, as if those who were inside dreaded a siege.

"Off, instantly," said the porter, "and let his Majesty know that the rascal he dreads so much is here at the gate."

In fact such a racket and tumult were never heard as the very mention of Billy Duffy created among them.

"Oh," said Bill, "with his eye to the bars of the gate, "I doubt I have got a bad name," and he shook his head like an innocent man who did not deserve it.

In the mean time, his old acquaintance came running towards the gate with such haste and consternation, that his tail was several times nearly tripping up his heels.

"Don't admit that rascal!" he shouted—"bar the gate—make every chain, and lock, and bolt, fast—I won't be safe—none of us will be safe—and I won't stay here, nor none of us need stay here, if he gets in—my bones are sore yet after him. No, no—begone you villain—you'll get no entrance here—I know you too well."

Bill could not help giving a broad malicious grin at Satan, and putting his nose through the bars, he exclaimed—

"Ha! you ould dog, I have you afraid of me at last, have I!"

He had scarcely uttered the words, when his foe, who stood inside, instantly tweaked him by the nose, and Bill felt as if he had been gripped by the same red hot tongs with which he himself had formerly tweaked the nose of Nicholas.

"Well," said he, "that's not the way *I* treated *you* once upon a time. Troth you're ondecent—but you know what it is to get tinker's reckoning—to be paid in advance—so I owe you nothing for *that*, Nicholas."

Bill then departed, but soon found that in consequence of the inflammable materials which strong drink had thrown into his nose, that organ immediately took fire, and, indeed, to tell the truth, kept burning night and day, winter and summer, without ever once going out, from that hour to this.

Such was the sad fate of Billy Duffy, who has been walking, without stop or saay, from place to place ever since; and in consequence of the flame on his nosd, and his beard being tangled like a wisp of hay, he has been christened by the country folk Will o' the Wisp, while, as it were, to show the mischief of his disposition, the circulating knave, knowing that he must seek the coldest bogs and quagmires in order to cool his nose, seizes upon that opportunity of misleading the unthinking and tipsy night travellers from their way, just that he may have the satisfaction of still taking in as many as possible.

Dublin University Magazine.

---

* It is almost unnecessary for us to acknowledge the little theft manifest in the above travestie.

---

*A Dutchman's Story.*—'Mine Cot, Hans, you may talk as you be a mind to about te hog's peing te contraries animal, put te hen is so much more contrary a coot teal. Vy, no longer ago an todder day. I try to make te hen set—I put te eggs under her—I make te nest all up cood—poot te hen on, put she no set—jam her town on te eggs, put she vill op right up. Den I make leetle pox, 'pout so pig one way (measuring with his hands) and 'pout so pig todder way—den I poots te hen on te nest, and just takes and poots te leetle pox on to see vether she pe setting, I pe tam if I tont find te tam hen set a standing!'

*Digesting the Message.*—The editor of the Harrisburg Keystone says he expected to occupy his *inside* with the President's message—so he put his editorial head on the *outside*.

# The Louisville Races.

### The First Race between Wagner and Grey Eagle, Etc.

Those who have noticed the spirit with which everything connected with breeding and racing is carried on in Kentucky, could hardly have been surprised to hear that the late meeting at Louisville has never been equalled in the excellence of the sport, or in the number and character of the visitors. Turfmen and distinguished strangers from the neighboring States mustered in great force, while the Kentuckians themselves turned out in such numbers, that the hotels and lodging houses literally overflowed. A week of more delightful weather we have rarely known; the fields were large every day, the horses ran well, "all the world and his wife" were on the course, the "pressure" was forgotten, and all appeared determined to enjoy themselves without stint or measure. We have been hitherto prevented by the force of circumstances from giving a detailed report of the meeting, and our mortification at its delay has not been lessened, by the fact that the Club had done us the honor to elect us an honorary member, and through its President invited us to attend. But we are not wholly answerable for the delay of our report; the unaffected kindness and prodigal hospitality with which we were received and entertained on all sides, from the moment we set foot on the soil of "Old Kentuck," until we left, with many "a longing, lingering look behind," so entirely engrossed us, that half an hour's freedom from a participation in the enjoyments of a delightful society and "troops of friends" we were unable to find during our visit.

The great event of the meeting, which had attracted many a Turfman a thousand miles to witness, was the Four Mile Stake for all ages. The interest centered in this race extended all over the Union; no parallel to the excitement it produced in the Sporting World has been known since the day Eclipse and Henry met as the rival champions of the North and South. Louisiana was in the field with Wagner, a winner of never fading victories, while Billy Townes and the gallant Picton were the representatives of the Old Dominion; Kentucky came into the contest prepared to "charge with all her chivalry." Her forces were marshalled with Grey Eagle at their head, and included four of her best and bravest winners; but the thousand ills to which even horse-flesh is heir to, gradually reduced the number, so that three only eventually came to the post. Tarlton, Musedora, and Mary Vaughan, of whom great expectations had been raised by their previous performances, "kept the promise to the ear, but broke it to the hope," when the day arrived; nevertheless, the pride and hope of Kentucky, her "Gallant Grey," was still left to do battle for the meed of honor and app'ause, and it will be seen he "nobly justified his training"

For weeks before the meeting commenced, Col. Y. N. Oliver, the spirited proprietor, was engaged in making arrangements for the accommodation of his visitors and the guests of the Club. The course was put in the most superb order; stables and fences were whitewashed, the stands enlarged and painted, the fine oak trees in the field tastefully trimmed, the grounds cleared up, and a private carriage road opened for the carriages of ladies from town to the course. Special regard was had to the enjoyment of the Ladies and other guests; their Pavilion was carpeted and cushioned, and a saloon handsomely furnished with sofas, mirrors, etc., for their exclusive use, while the tables groaned with the weight of every delicacy the utmost consideration and good taste could suggest.

The Louisville Jockey Club is comprised of the *elite* of the talent, fashion and wealth of that city, and it would seem that, during its annual meetings, all strangers in town from abroad or from distant sections of the State, are considered, at once, as its guests; certainly, no occasion is suffered to pass, either in public or private, to display all the kindness and sincerity of feeling which characterize Kentucky hospitality; and it is extended with a heartiness and right good will that "lends a grace beyond the reach of art." The following gentlemen constituted, during the late meeting, the

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB.

ROBT. JOHN WARD, Esq., PRESIDENT.

*Vice Presidents.*

A. Throckmorton, James Robertson,
F. A. Kaye, H. B. Hill.

*Stewards.*

S. Haskell, O. G. Bullitt,
G. V. Godwin, E. W. Roberts,
Jno. S. Williams, A. P. Churchill,
G. G. Presbury, Jr.

*Ladies' Committee.*

Jno. I. Jacobs, J. M. Franciscus,
William Preston, Geo. Stewart,
Charlrs Vernon, L. L. Shreve,
William Riddle, Jno. O'Beirne,
A. N. Bullitt, A. Miller.

The regular meeting of the Club commenced on Monday, the 30th of Sept., but so many strangers were in town, during the week previous, all anxious for the races, and the stables in attendance were so numerous that Col. Oliver was induced to offer a purse of $300 for a race, at two mile heats on the preceding Saturday. The fact was, the excitement was intense; people had got their steam up so high there was danger some boilers might be "bursted" if a fly-wheel was not set in motion, or a valve opened. Five entries were at once made, and after a tip-top race of three heats, Missouri forced the field to "acknowledge the corn." Here's the placing:—

SATURDAY, Sept. 28, 1839—Extra Proprietor's Purse of $300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wm. McCargo's ch. m. *Missouri*, by Eclipse, dam by Director, 5 yrs... *Archer* | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| Wm. T. Ward's b. c. *Charley Fox*, by Waxy, dam by Bucknor's Leviathan, 4 yrs. | 0 | 2 | 2 |
| M. McCumpsey's br. f. *Sally Ward*, own sister to Mary Vaughan, 4 yrs..... | 3 | 4 | 3 |
| Chas. Buford's ch. f. *Leopardess*, by Medoc, out of Rodolph's dam, 3 yrs..... | 0 | 3 | 4 |
| Jos. G. Boswell's ch. f. *Henrietta Lockhart*, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs. | dist. | | |

Time, 3:55—3:54—3:59. Won easily.

*The* Monday, which so many had long anticipated with untold eagerness, did at length arrive; a most delightful day it was, too, and every one appeared disposed to yield themselves up to its cheerful influences. Hundreds were on the course long ere "jocund day stood tiptoe on the misty mountain top," to see the horses gallop, and get "the points" for speculation on the race. Rumors of coughs and thumps were rife, and up to near starting it was not positively known how many would come to the post. The Stake had closed on the 1st Jan., 1839, with ten subscribers at $2000 each, half forfeit, Four mile heats, viz.:—

1. Y. N. Oliver & Miles W. Dickey, of Kentucky, named gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, 4 yrs.—Dress, Red, Blue and Orange.
2. Wm. T. Ward, of Kentucky, named b. m. *Mary Vaughan*, by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster by Imp. Bluster, 5 yrs.—Dress, Blue and White.
3. Willa Viley, of Kentucky, named ch. f. *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 4 yrs.—Dress, White and Green.
4. Geo. N. Sanders & Lewis Sanders, Jr., of Kentucky, named b. c. *Occident*, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Turpin's Florizel, 4 yrs.—Dress, White.
5. Sidney Burbridge, of Kentucky, named b. c. *Tarlton*, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Gray, 5 yrs.—Dress, ——.
6. Jas. L. Bradley & H. B. Steel, of Kentucky, named ch. c. *Hawk Eye*, by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's dam by Jenkins' Sir William, 4 yrs.—Dress, Orange and Black.
7. Archie Cheatham, of Virginia, named b. h. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.—Dress, Purple and Red.
8. Jas. S. Garrison, of Louisiana, named ch. h. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 5 yrs.—Dress, Red and Red.
9. Wm. Wynn, of Virginia, named b. c. *Picton*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.—Dress, ——.
10. Wm. Buford, Jr., of Kentucky, named ch. f. *Musedora*, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs.—Dress, ——.

From the day the Stake closed the betting had been steadily going on in different sections of the country, increasing daily in amount as the race drew nigh, and now, for fear of losing the opportunity for an investment, the most startling and varied offers were made. From first start, Wagner was first favorite, and when it became reduced almost to a certainty, that not above six would start, the betting was about 50 to 75 on him vs. the field. Picton was in Tennessee, and complaining; Tarlton and Musedora had given way—Occident was unable to "shine in this crowd"—Hawk-eye had no "foot," and the two Mary's were less to be relied upon than Grey Eagle, whose speed had been demonstrated, and whose game no one doubted. For many months previous to the race, and before these facts were generally known, odds were offered, from New York to New Orleans, on Wagner and Billy Townes against the field. In Louisville, however, it was considered doubtful, for two or three weeks before the race, whether Billy Townes would start. Mr. McCargo's stable, it was well known, were laboring under the effects of a change of water, climate, etc., so that the Kentucky nominations were backed with increased spirit. Immense sums were laid out at odds on Grey Eagle's winning the first heat, and in many instances he was backed against Wagner for the race.

In consequence of the unlimited confidence felt by the Kentuckians in the "foot" of Grey Eagle, it was resolved by the Wagner party not to run for the first heat, unless circumstances should occur which might render it an easy thing for their horse. But the day before the race a commission from New Orleans was received, offering a large sum on Wagner's beating Grey Eagle the first heat, which induced them to change this determination; indeed, the inducement to run for it was a pretty substantial one, for they could lose nothing and might win several thousands—we do not feel at liberty to say how many, or who were the parties; it is enough that they were keen and also successful. Two days before the race, Mr. McCargo gave Billy Townes a trial with Missouri and Texana, and though the result was entirely satisfactory so far as his action was concerned, he soon after cramped to such a degree that it was at once declared that he would not be started. Mary Vaughan, we believe, was plated for the race, but not being quite up to the mark, she also paid forfeit; she had been occasionally complaining, so that little disappointment was felt when she failed to show. On the morning of the race there were so many arrivals, and those who had been holding back for odds now came into the betting ring with such a *furor* to back their favorite, that no one would have supposed it possible there could be any "tightness" in the Louisville money market. The Kentuckians, without being heavy betters, have more "speculation in their eyes" than any community we wot of; every man and boy—we had almost said, woman and child—bets something, always, and whether it is five dollars or five hundred, they "sport their tin" freely, and care as little whether they lose or double it as other people, though we are constrained to say they can raise a louder shout at a victory by a semi-quaver and a half, than any other section of the Universal Yankee Nation. One of "the large operators" this side of the Mountains would be looked upon in Kentucky as a fit subject for a straight waistcoat. We should like to witness the sensation Jem L—— would create on the Club Stand at Louisville, by offering 1000 to 60, as we have heard him often, or by offering 1000 to 300 and to "go it nineteen times!" On the morning of the race it being understood pretty thoroughly that Wagner, Grey Eagle, Queen Mary, and Hawk-eye only would start, out of the ten nominations, "business" commenced in earnest, Wagner being freely offered against the field, and as freely taken, while Grey Eagle was backed at small odds for the first heat.

At an early hour the roads to the course were thronged with carriages and equestrians, but from eleven o'clock to the time of starting (at one, precisely) those from town presented the appearance of immense processions Vehicles of all sorts, shapes, colors, and sizes were pressed into service, from the dashing carriage and lumbering omnibus, to dog-carts and sixpenny bone-setters—To the eye of a Northern man, the number of well mounted equestrians seemed little short of a cavalry brigade. Even our friend, Col. Whetstone, of the Devil's Fork, declared that he had never seen "the beat of it" out in "the Arks.," and he has "seen sights—*some!*"

The Oakland Course is beautifully situated about a mile and a half from town; one side is begirt with forest trees, under the shade of which convenient stables have been erected for near one hundred and fifty horses. The field contains a number of "brave old oaks," which, without obstructing the view, afford a delightful shade, and add greatly to the picturesque beauty of the scenery. The Oakland House, a large and well managed hotel, located directly at the entrance gate, is a great convenience to those turfmen who are obliged to remain at the course, and our friends at the Galt House and the Louisville Hotel would never have known what to have done with the people, had not the proprietors of the Oakland hung up a guest on every peg in the House—The Course is more undulating than any one at the North, and the soil is particularly well adapted for racing purposes. The course is laid out in the shape of a pear, with the turns graded; there can be no reasonable doubt of its being a full mile in circuit, and we venture to assert it is as good a course for time as any in the Union. The Stands are remarkably large and handsome, and all the appointments complete. A silken cord extended from the Judges' stand across to that of the Club, from the centre of which the stakes ran for were suspended each day. The Judges' stand is two stories high, and the upper one was occupied, except during the running, with a band of music. The Stewards of the Club were superbly mounted and in uniform; each turned out in "very varmint" green Newmarket coats, scarlet velvet vests, white top boots, and buckskin small clothes, "not made in Kentucky." The Ladies' Committee were designated by appropriate badges, and, of course, "put themselves on their best behavior."

With our trusty henchman of the Devil's Fork, we ensconced ovrselves, at an early hour, in a quiet nook on the Stand to note the arrival of the brilliant company. Carriage after carriage whirled up to the stand in rapid and ceaseless succession, and we had the pleasure of witnessing the arrival, not only of several distinguished Senators, and nearly the entire Kentucky delegation in Congress, with their families, but of the elite of the beauty and fashion of the State. Among the earliest on the ground were the Hon. Judge Porter, of Louisiana, the distinguished ex-Senator, and Mr. Clay. His colleague, Mr. Crittenden, soon followed, with Gen. Atkinson, Maj. Stewart and Capt. Alexander, of the Army, Judge Woolley, Gov. Poindexter, Judge Rowan, the Hon. Messrs. Menifee, Allan, Letcher, Hardin, Graves, Hawes, etc. Among the guests of the Club, well known to the sporting world, we noticed J. S. Skinner, Esq, of Baltimore, W. M. Anderson, Esq, of Ohio, Col. C. F. M. Noland, of Arkansas, the Messrs. Kenner, Mr. Slidell, Mr. Parker, and Mr. Beasley, of Louisiana, Mr. McCargo, Mr. Beasley, and Capt. Bacon, of Virginia, Mr. Geo. Cheatham, of Tenn., Maj. Fleming, of Alabama, and a great number more, whose names have escaped our memory.

Good breeding forbids any mention of the distinguished throng of belles; as their carriages drove up, "then and there was hurrying to and fro," among the committee appointed to receive them. There was an occasional crashing, and more screaming; some one has prettily remarked that "there is something very thrilling and musical in a scream of alarm from a fair lady—especially when there is no danger;" but there was some danger here—of soiled shoes—for some of the ladies, fearful and impatient, alighted before their carriages drew up at the entrance of their Pavilion, to the imminent danger of saluting the earth, not always as dry as a toper, with their little twinkling feet. But there was not a Cinderella among them—and there were many—who lost her glass slipper in the sand; if they had, as soon as they had ascended to the Stand they would have forgotten their loss in the rival charms, and beauty, and splendor that surrounded them. The young miss just from the trammels of school, flush with joy and fears, the budding, blooming girl of sweet sixteen, the more stately and elegant full blown woman, the dark eyed Southerner, with her brown complexion and matchless form, the blue eyed Northerner with her dimpled cheek and fair and spotless beauty, were gathered here in one lustrous galaxy. The gentlemen were unmatched for variety: the Bar, the Bench, the Senate, and the Press, the Army and the Navy, and all the et cetera that pleasure or curiosity attracted, were here represented.

We are very much tempted to essay to describe a few of these radiant belles—had kind Heaven made us a poet, like Prentice, we would immortalize them; as we are only a proser, we can merely detail them. If any demand by what right we allude so pointedly to them, surely we may ask what right they have to be so beautiful? There was one with a form of perfect symmetry, and a countenance not only beautiful, but entirely intellectual; like Halleck's Fanny, she may have been "younger once than she is now," but she is, and will ever be, "a thing to bless—all full of light and loveliness." With a purely Grecian bust and classic head, and with an eye as dark as the absence of all light, beaming with a lustre that eclipses all, her figure varied itself into every grace that can belong either to rest or motion. And there was a reigning belle, in the spring time of her youth and beauty, with a face beaming with perfect happiness; it was like a "star-lit lake curling its lips into ripples in some stream of delight, as the west-wind salutes them with its balmy breath, and disturbs their placid slumber." It was the realization of Byron's idea of "music breathing o'er the face." There comes a bride—and from the East, too. A peep at her face, almost hid by clustering braids of raven hair, displays a belle of an Atlantic city, and ere we have time to ask her name, a lovely blonde sweeps by in a gay mantilla, changeable as the hues of evening, with a hat whiter than the wing of a dove, and a face faultless as Neæra. It would puzzle a Sphynx to divine the cause of her radiant smile. Walks she fancy-free? Has Cupid's bolt passed her innocuous? In the centre of the Pavilion stand two rival belles, of a style of beauty so varied as to attract marked attention. The face and figure of one was rounded to the complete fulness of the mould for a Juno, while the other with the form of a sylph, and the eyes of an angel, was the impersonation of delicacy and loveliness. And there was a lady from the northernmost extremity of the Republic, nearly allied to the Patrick Henry of the South-west, with eyes of the sweetest and most tranquil blue "that ever reflected the serene Heaven of a happy hearth—eyes to love, not wonder at—to adore and rely upon, not admire and tremble for." And then there was that beautiful belle from Scott County, and that brilliant wit from Lexington; here the pearl wreath strove to rival the fairer brow—the ruby, a rubier lip—the diamond, a brighter eye; there the cornelian borrowed from the damask cheek a deeper hue; the gossamer floated round a lighter form—the light plume nodded o'er a lighter heart.

But we shall miss the race! Already have we dallied so long, that the stands in front of us are crowded, while hardly a gentleman can be seen. Is it possible they all have been obliged to retire, to afford space for the accommodation of the ladies? No wonder Col. Oliver is so popular and prosperous. If we did not leave the stand a better and a wiser man, it was with the conviction that the graces of the peerless syrens we had left, ought each and all to be sung in strains of Sapphic fire, that might well nigh call the old Grecian poetess from her ashes. How to see the race was the next consideration. Fortunately a happy thought struck the President, how to provide for a dozen gentlemen similarly situated with ourselves. Just as the race was to commence, he dislodged the Band from their seats over the Judges' stand and Mr. Clay, Judge Porter, Judge Rowan, our friend Col. Whetstone, and the writer of this article, with two or three other gentlemen, were invited to occupy them, by which we all obtained a fine view, not only of the race, but—of the ladies in the stands opposite.

The gay and animated spectacle we looked down upon formed a tableau of distinguished interest Ten thousand persons were under our eyes, almost at a glance, The course was spread out before us, "in all its windings plain," resembling a dark strip of tasselated marble enclosing a huge emerald, on which were gathered two thousand mounted horsemen impatiently waiting the tap of the drum. Directly in front ranged the ample Pavilion, which was filled exclusively with ladies to the number, it was said, of eight hundred, to whom our pen can never do the justice which our eye awarded them on that brilliant morning, as the dazzling show of ostrich plumes, flowers and streaming ribands fluttered in the breeze, or gently undulated with the excited interest of the beautiful assembly. But what grace can flowers or sweeping plumes confer when the rich smile of Beauty is parting her vermilion lips, and the breath of the morning, added to the excitement of the occasion, have given a ripeness to her cheek, and a fire to her eye which, to our bachelor taste, would be worth a pilgrimage to Mecca, to enjoy, as we did, at that moment. Who can fail to detect the graceful being on our left, in a Parisian hat, lined with violets, whose soft liquid eye and raven braids render her the fairest gem in the brilliant cluster of Western beauties! The flashing eyes of a dark-brow'd matron from Missouri are roving restlessly over the nodding sea of heads beneath, and the pensive smile of a fair lily, just home from school, has become absolutely radiant as she shakes back, from her open brow, a flood of glistening ringlets, and gazes down upon the multitude with the innocent grace of a young-eyed seraph. But how shall our pen do homage to the daughters of Old Kentuck, whose striking Di Vernon beauty, with their dark lustrous eyes and sable tresses, is only rivalled by the high culture bestowed upon their minds, and the attraction of those feminine accomplishments, which "gild refined gold," and render them among the loveliest and most fascinating women within the circuit of the sun? The waters of Lethe must flow deep over our souls to banish the memory of the boquets and gloves we lost and won upon that day! The evening festivities that followed—the brilliant dance, the plaintive song, that "lapt us in Elysium,"—and she, too, the fairy masquerader, in the Suliote cap and boddice, lives she not last, as well as first, in our remembrance? But our pages forbid a longer retrospection. The hospitalities and courtesies of the West, joined to the smile of her beauteous women, are indelibly impressed upon our hearts, and shall be freshly remembered when we pledge our warmest friends in the generous wine-cup. To the race.

The "call" for the horses was sounded at a quarter to one o'clock, and soon after all eyes were directed toward a motley group approaching from Mr. Garrison's stable; "with stately step and slow" the proud champion of Louisiana made his appearance. He was directly stripped, and a finer exhibition of the perfection to which the trainer's art can be carried we have rarely seen. His coat and eye were alike brilliant. Wagner is a light gold chestnut, with a roan stripe on the right side of his face, and white hind feet—about fifteen hands and a half high. His head is singularly small, clean, and bony, set on a light but rather long neck; forehended, he resembles the pictures of his sire, and his carriage is said to resemble him. His shoulder is immensely strong, running very well back into a good middle piece, which is well ribbed home. One of the finest points about him is his great depth of chest; few horses can measure with him from the point of the shoulder to the brisket. His arms are heavily muscled like Mingo's, with the tendons standing out in bold relief. He has uncommonly strong and wide hips, a good loin, remarkably fine stifles and thighs, with as fine hocks and legs as ever stood under a horse. Wagner has been in training ever since his 3 yr. old year, and has travelled over three thousand miles! without three week's rest this season. Mr. Garrison commencing galloping him just four weeks previous to this race; he had not even been turned loose in a paddock.

A murmur, which was soon lost in a suppressed cheer, at the head of the quarter stretch, announced to the multitude about the stands the approach of Grey Eagle; as he came up in front of the stand, his lofty carriage and flashing eye elicited a burst of applause, which told better than words can express the intense and ardent aspirations felt in his success, by every son and daughter of Kentucky. Clinton, his trainer, immediately stripped off his sheet and hood, and a finer specimen of the high mettled racer was never exhibited. He was in condition to run for a man's life—a magnificent grey, nearly sixteen hands high, with the step of a gazelle and the strength of a Bucephalus. Mr. Burbridge had told us that of one thing he was confident—his horse might want foot, but of his game he was certain; the correctness of his judgment the sequel will show. In the hands of Clinton, who, by the bye, is a Ken-

tuckian not above seven and twenty years of age, Grey Eagle had never lost a heat; the previous October, he won a two mile Sweepstakes, over this course, in 3.41—3.43½, and a week afterwards repeated the race in 3:48—3:44. His form indicates more power of endurance than any horse we saw in Kentucky; from the girth forward, his shape and make could hardly be improved, if he merely had the delicate finely tapered ears of a Sir Charles, or a Wild Bill.—Standing behind him, his quarters display a fine development of muscle, but many would call them light in proportion to his size and forehand; in this respect he closely resembles Priam. His coupling, thigh, and stifle, are unexceptionably good, and his hocks come well down to the ground, giving him great length from their point to that of the whirl-bone. His legs are clean, broad and flat, with the hamstrings and leaders beautifully developed—no son of Whip ever had a finer set of limbs under him.

Two chesnuts next challenged the public's attention; the first was Queen Mary, a very blood-like looking filly, with white hind feet, that a single glance would have shown to be a daughter of Bertrand. She measures about 15½ hands, is well put up, and when running in good form, must be a dangerous lady to trifle with. Hawk-eye, as we remember him, is a heavy moulded colt, of nearly 15½ hands, with a star and white fore feet; without the foot or the endurance of his half brother, Pressure, he presents to the eye no such game appearance. We trust he was not himself on this occasion, or we should wish "ne'er to look upon his like again," for he cut a very sorty figure in this party. Both himself and the Bertrand filly have been winners, and the latter has ever been looked upon as a performer of great promise.

The jockies having received their orders from the Judges, "clear the course" was the word. Cato, (called Kate), in a full scarlet dress, richly embroidered with gold, was put up on Wagner, while Stephen Welch (who *carried thirteen pounds, dead weight*, in shot pouches *on his saddle!*) was mounted on Grey Eagle. To him was awarded the track; Queen Mary* drew the 2d place, Hawk-eye next, and Wagner the outside. All being in motion, and nearly in line, the President of the Club gave the word "*Go!*" and tapped the drum. Grey Eagle was the last off, while Wagner went away like a quarter horse with Mary well up 2d; they were taken in hand at once, which allowed Hawk-eye to take the place of the Queen, on the back stretch, and at the three quarter mile post, Wagner allowed him to take the track. Hawk-eye led home to the stand at a moderate pace, Wagner 2d, and Queen Mary 3d; both of them were pulling to Grey Eagle, at whose head Stephen was tugging with might and main. Hawk-eye carried on the running for about half a mile further, until Gooding bid Cato "go along;" the pace mended at once; Wagner went up to Hawk-eye, and might have cut him down in half a dozen strides, but the Queen was still laying back, and Grey Eagle had not yet made a stroke. Wagner came first to the stand, and at the turn Cato having held up his whip as a signal to a crowd of rubbers and boys on Garrison's stable, that "the old Sorrel Stud" was going just right, they gave him a slight cheer, at which Wagner broke loose, and made a spread-eagle of the field in "no time." The other jocks were not a little startled at this demonstration of Wagner's speed, and each called upon his nag, so that opposite the Oakland House, near the three quarter mile post, the field closed. Stephen here let out the phenomenon he so gracefully bestrode, and like twin bullets the gallant Grey and Wagner came out of the melee. At the head of the quarter stretch Stephen was told to "pull him steady," so that before Wagner reached the stand Queen Mary had changed places with Grey Eagle, notwithstanding her saddle had slipped on her withers. Hawk-eye was already in difficulty, and for him the pace was getting no better very fast. Grey Eagle set to work in earnest, on entering the back stretch, first outfooting the Queen and then challenging Wagner. From the Oakland House to the head of the quarter stretch, the ground is descending, and from thence, up the straight run to the stand, a distance of, perhaps, six hundred yards, it is ascending. At the half mile post, Cato called upon Wagner, and the critical moment having arrived, Stephen collared him with the Grey, on the outside. For three hundred yards the pace was tremendous; Grey Eagle once got his head and neck in front, and a tremendous shout was sent up, but Wagner threw him off so far in going round the last turn, that, half way up the stretch, Mr. Burbridge ordered him to be pulled up, and Wagner won cleverly, Queen Mary dropping just within her distance (150 yards). Hawk-eye was no where. Time, 7:48.

The disappointment and mortification was so great, that for the first twenty minutes after the heat Queen Mary was freely backed against Grey Eagle, while so far as Wagner was concerned, it was considered "a dead open and shut." Before the forty-five minutes had elapsed, however, a re-action took place in favor of Grey Eagle. *Not a Kentuckian on the ground laid out a dollar on Wagner!* From the first, the very few individuals who were disposed to back him on account of his blood, his form, his performances, and his condition, had not staked a dollar; their judgment prompted them to back the Southern champion, but they *would not* bet against *Kentucky!* Talk of State pride in South Carolina! Why, the Kentuckians have more of it than the citizens of all the States in the Confederacy added together. They not only believe Kentucky to be the Eden of the world, and the garden of the Union, but their own favorite County to be the asparagus-bed of the State! And they have good reason; Kentucky *is* a glorious State. The talent and chivalry of her sons are in keeping with the intelligence and peerless beauty of her daughters, and well may they be proud of her and of each other. But to the horses.

All cooled out well, but more especially Grey Eagle, who appeared not to mind the run a jot. They got, as Clinton remarked, "a capital scrape out of him," and he was "as fine as silk"—in good order for a bruising heat. He extended himself with a degree of ease in the second heat, and changed his action in a manner that convinced us that the sweat had relieved him. Wagner, who resembles Boston in many other respects, showed all that placidity and calmness of look and motion which characterizes "the old White-nose." Great odds were offered on him for the race, but small amounts only were staked. Grey Eagle's noble bearing and game-cock look as he came up to contest in a second heat for the meed of honor and applause, was the theme of universal admiration; so much so, indeed, that a cargo of laces, gloves, bijouterie, etc., must have been required to pay the wagers made in the Ladies' Pavilion.

*Second heat.*—The tap of the drum sent them away with a beautiful start, Wagner leading off with a steady, business-like stride, while Grey Eagle, as full of game as of beauty, waited upon him close up. It was instantly evident that Mr. Burbridge had changed his tactics; the moment Stephen got Grey Eagle into straight work on the backside, he made play for the track, and after a terrific burst of speed for one hundred and fifty yards, he came in front; keeping up his stroke, he soon after made a gap of four lengths, and though Wagner drew upon him a little in coming up the rising ground towards the stands, yet he past it far enough in advance to warrant the warm and hearty plaudits of his friends. As if inspirited by the cheers of the crowd, and the tokens of unalloyed gratification exhibited by the galaxy of radiant beauty in the stands, Grey Eagle kept up his murderous rate throughout the entire second mile; Wagner laid up close, and there was no faltering, no flinching on the part of either. Cato rode nearly up to his weight (110 lbs.), and his superb exhibition of skill and coolness would have done credit to Willis or Gil. Patrick. Little Welch had not the strength and stamina to control and brace a powerful, fiery horse like Grey Eagle; as we before remarked, his own weight was but eighty-two pounds! Yet he rode superbly for a lad of his years and strength. Grey Eagle made the running to beyond the half mile post on the third mile, and the pace seemed too good to last, but there were "links" yet to be "let out." From this point the two cracks made a match of it, in which Queen Mary had as little apparent concern as if out of the race. Near the Oakland House Wagner set to work to do or die. "*Rowel him up!*" shouted his owner to Cato, while Garrison, at the head of the quarter-stretch, was waving his hat to him to come on! The rally that ensued down the descent to the turn was desperate, but Wagner could not gain an inch; as they swung round into the quarter-stretch they were lapped; "spur your proud coursers hard and ride in blood," were the orders on this, as they are described to have been on Bosworth "field." Both horses got a taste of steel and catgut as they came up the ascent, and on casting our eye along the cord extended across the course from the Judges' to the Club stands, Grey Eagle was the first under it by a head and shoulders; at the turn Stephen manœuvred so as to press Wagner on the outside, and soon after drew out clear in front, looking so much like a winner that the crowd, unable to repress an irresistible impulse, sent up a cheer that made the welkin ring for miles around. The group on Wagner's stable again bid him "*go on!*" but Cato, "calm as a summer's morning," was quietly biding his time; he seemed to feel that Patience has won more dollars than Haste has coppers, and that there was but a solitary chance of winning the race out of the fire. Fully aware of the indomitable game of the nonpareil under him, he thought if he could bottle him up for a few hundred yards there was still another run to be got out of him. He accordingly took a bracing pull on his horse, and though it was go along every inch, Wagner recovered his wind so as to come again at the head of the quarter-stretch. Stephen, long ere this, had become so exhausted as to be unable to give Grey Eagle the support he required; he rode wide, swerving considerably from a straight line, and was frequently all abroad in his seat. From the Oakland House home, it was a terrible race! By the most extraordinary exertions Wagner got up neck and neck with "the Gallant Grey" as they swung round the turn into the quarter-stretch. The feelings of the assembled thousands were wrought up to a pitch absolutely painful—silence the most profound reigned over that vast assembly as these noble animals sped on, as if life and death called forth their utmost energies. Both jockies had their whip-hands at work, and at every stroke each spur, with a desperate stab, was buried to the rowel head. Grey Eagle, for the first hundred yards, was clearly gaining, but in another instant Wagner was even with him. Both were out and doing their best. It was anybody's race yet! Now Wagner—now Grey Eagle has the advantage. It will be a dead heat! "See! Grey Eagle's got him!"—"No—Wagner's ahead!"—A moment ensues—the people shout—hearts throb—ladies faint—a thrill of emotion, and the race is over! Wagner wins by a neck in 7:44, the best race ever run south of the Potomac, while Kentucky's gallant champion demonstrates his claim to that proud title by a performance which throws into the shade the most brilliant ever made in his native State. Summary:—

MONDAY, Sept. 30—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Ten subscribers at $2000 each, h. ft., to which the Proprietor added the receipts of the Stands. Four mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Jas. S. Garrison's (John Campbell's) ch. h. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 5 yrs. *Cato.* | 1 | 1 |
| Oliver & Dickey's (A. L. Shotwell's) gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, 4 yrs. *Stephen Welch.* | 2 | 2 |
| Capt. Willa Villy's ch. f. *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 4 yrs. | 3 | 3 |
| Bradley & Steel's ch. c. *Hawk-Eye*, by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's dam by Jenkins' Sir William, 4 yrs. | dist. | |

Time, 7:48—7.44.

To say that Wagner was better managed and better jockied in this race than Grey Eagle, is to express the opinion of every unprejudiced individual who had the pleasure of witnessing it. What might have been the result of *the race* we cannot pretend to say, but we assert with perfect confidence our belief, that with Gil. Patrick on his back, Grey Eagle would have won the second heat. People differ in opinion, luckily, and were it not so we should soon be in a mass. Had the managers of Grey Eagle been content to bide their time, another tale might have been told. "Wait and win" carries off more purses than "Take the track and keep it." Grey Eagle could outfoot Wagner in a brush of one hundred and fifty yards—he clearly demonstrated that fact half a dozen times in the course of the week, but in a run of five or six hundred yards, Wagner could beat him about the same distance. The two horses were so nearly matched that good generalship and good riding did the business. Instead of allowing him to go forward and cut out the work, Grey Eagle should have been laid quietly behind, with a steady, bracing pull until within the distance stand, and then pulled out, and made to win if he could. That was his only chance; tiring down Wagner is like tiring down a locomotive.

We must here break off for this week, but not without remarking, that after being weighed, Cato was put up again on Wagner, and with the Stakes in his hand (only $14,000!) he promenaded in front of the stand, preceded by a band of music, playing "Old Virginny never tire."

In bringing our report of this memorable race to a conclusion, we must not neglect to record the gratifying fact, that notwithstanding the immense throng of spectators on the ground, and the peculiar excitement of the occasion, not a solitary circumstance occurred calculated for a moment to interrupt the harmony and general good feeling which prevailed on all hands.

* We are not positive of the name of the riders of Hawk-eye and Queen Mary; the fact is, while engaged upon this article, some "devilish good-natured friend" intruded himself upon us, when our memorandums were spread out, and displaced them all; several are yet missing that we have searched for "high and low."

## On Dits in Sporting Circles.

*New Orleans Races.*—In consequence of the irregularity of the mails, we are without our correspondent's detailed report of the Metarie Course Meeting. On Friday, the 13th ult., Mr. Taylor's imported filly *Maria Black*, won the Purse of $2000, Four mile heats, in 8:01—7:47, beating Billy Townes and Sthreshly. We hear that Billy Townes trusted to Sthreshly to make the running the first heat with the imported mare, but he gave way near home; in the second heat Townes made a tremendous race but was eventually beaten in 7:47, over a course not well adapted for making crack time.

Of Saturday's race we have no report; on the 15th, Mr. Minor's *Telie Doe* won the Mile heats, best 3 in 5, beating Capt. Laurent, Harpalyce, and Maria Duke.

On Monday, the 16th, the Messrs. Kenner's *Grey Medoc* won the $1000 purse, Three mile heats, beating Maria Red, Sir Ariss, Stub Twist, Draco and Zela.

Col. Hampton's imported *Emily* has given way since the Columbia races, and will be bred to Imp. Monarch next season. We are rejoiced to hear that *Kate Seyton* has got well over her lameness, and more than all that *Fanny*, in the same stable, is now looking very well after her attack of strangles.

Mr. Kendall's *Stakes*, for the Springs of 1841, 2 and 3, must be filling up splendidly, if we may judge from those sent from this office on the 31st ult.—Among the nominations in the "Pete Whetstone Stakes" is Col. Hampton's *Ruby*, by Imp. Rowton out of Bay Maria, the finest yearling on four legs; and Mr. R. L. Stevens' imp. colt by Plenipo out of Polly Hopkins. Mr. S. has also nominated the produce of Polly Hopkins by Emilius and Glaucus in Mr. K's stakes. Mr. Corbin, of Va., has nominated the produce of My Lady (Passenger's dam) and Priam, Cetus, etc.

The purchase of stock for Alabama which was announced several weeks since in these columns, had not reached Mobile by last accounts. *Riddlesworth* is in the lot with several young things. They sailed in the ship *Acadia*, the 1st of November last, from Liverpool. There is much competition among breeders to procure the services of Riddlesworth, whose blood, according to the English notion, is the very "pink of fashion." He is likely to make his first season near Montgomery, Alabama.

A demand is made for a fine imported horse to stand at Augusta this season, to fill *John Bascombe's* place. To name, is usually, to fill such a vacancy.

The Augusta (Ga.) races were postponed this year in consequence of the ravages made in that devoted city by the fever last summer. They come off now in a few weeks, and notwithstanding the inauspicious influences of sickness and hard times, promise much sport. A correspondent who recently paid a visit to the stables at the Hampton Course, speaks of Col. Edmondson's string, *Mary Elizabeth*, *Alice Ann*, and *Gano*—of *Cavalier Servante* and a Hyazim filly in the stable of Messrs. Thomas & Martin, and others. Gano will not show till the Charleston Meeting, for which he has been laid up. *Gerow* and *Santa Anna* are expected to show at the Hampton Course Meeting, commencing on Monday, the 13th inst.

One of our reporters will be in attendance at Augusta at the La Fayette Meeting without fail, and (if it be possible for him to reach Augusta from Tallahassee in season) he will report the Hampton Meeting. Should he not arrive, will some friend at Augusta bear us in mind and forward an early account of the running?

*Shark*—Black Maria's famed brother—now the property of Col. Johnson of Virginia, has reached his destination in Woodford County, Ky., where he will make the season under the care of Mr. E. H. Blackburn. Shark arrived at Mr. Blackburn's on the evening of the 16th ult., in fine health and condition.

Few sons of Eclipse can more worthily fill the places left by the untimely end of *Mingo* and *Medoc*, who both died in the vicinity of Shark's stand. By the way, nothing but the slow process of printing engravings, now delays the publication of our portrait of Shark.

*Fine Deer Hunt.*—The Natchez "Free Trader" of the 21st ult. gives the following particulars of a deer hunt that lately came off near that Northampton of the South. The Captain or Secretary of the Hunting and Fishing Clubs will confer a favor by furnishing reports for the "Spirit:"—

Day before yesterday a number of Adams County gentlemen went on a deer hunt on the river bottom about four miles below Natchez, in the vicinity of Maj. John T. Winn's plantation, and had the good fortune to start two of the nimble-footed, gazelle-eyed inhabitants of the forest glens. One of them was brought down by a shot from one of the party—yet he had strength enough to throw himself into the Mississippi, and swimming across, fell into the hands of Louisiana hunters on the other shore; the second deer was brought down by another shot, and "followed in the footsteps of his predecessor," took to the water and surrendered to Louisiana. The Louisiana hunters, with their usual courtesy, divided the spoils—and as "the proof of the pudding is in eating the bag"—so we have a chance to swear that a deer was slain, as we have been most politely presented with a haunch of as fine venison as ever we saw. The Mississippi hunting party consisted of the following gentlemen:—Messrs. Maj. Winn, Robert Oakman, Robert Ryan, John Cooper, Robert Barland, and David Barland, Captain of the Hunting and Fishing Club.

Col. John Woolfolk, of Columbus, Geo., has sold to Col. Griffin Edmonson, of Augusta, one half of his ch. c. *Cusseta Chief*, 3 yrs. old, by *Andrew*, out of Virago by Wildair, for $1500. He is thought to be one of the most promising of Andrew's get, possessing fine size and great beauty, resembling, very much in appearance, his sire. He has won all his engagements—two sweepstakes and one four mile purse, in which he ran 12 miles.

Maj. James P. Lee has sold his b. c. *Maximus*, 4 yrs. old, by Bertrand, out of Miss Dance by Imp. Eagle, to J. W. Richardson, Esq., of York, Illinois.

### "BOOTS" ON BREEDING.

"Boots," having got once more upon his "heels," after having been upon the "vamps" for the last six weeks with a violent "rheumatiz" about the "neck and shoulders," which made him very "wolfish" indeed, deems it not altogether gratuitous to congratulate, this X-mas, the Senior Editor of the unrivalled and "unadulterated Spirit" on his hospitable reception in the South and West, during his recent tour through those regions of "bacon and greens," and return to the "chair editorial;" but also considers himself (Major Boots) entitled to take a small "strut" in the "Sporting World," on his late turned down "brads."

First then, and foremost—it has been too common and too general an impression, ever since racing and rearing the thorough-bred horse were introduced into this country, that they were sources of mere diversion and sport, to be availed of only by the possessors of wealth and leisure. Under this exceedingly false impression, hundreds, perhaps thousands, have been deterred from profitable investments of their money and labor by erroneous traditional misrepresentation. Added to this, there have been many complaints and withdrawal from this branch of enterprize, on the part of "green uns," who have failed, as might have been expected, in the business, from injudicious selections of stock in the beginning, and subsequent over-weaning and indiscriminate partiality for *purity* of blood and *fashionableness* of strain, disregarding size and suitableness of shape. This very natural failure of success on the part of such hap-hazard speculators, added to the original error, that racing and breeding the race-horse were affairs of sport entirely, have contributed largely, for years back, and even at the present time, to depreciate a highly profitable branch of industry. But the immense amount of capital embarked in the rearing and purchase of the thorough-bred horse, and the thousands who actually derive a support from their pursuit, have placed the matter in too serious and important an attitude to be regarded any longer as a mere object of sport: it therefore behoves the community of breeders and racers (as is already done in certain portions of the country) to rally this drooping species of enterprize, wherever it may be found to be declining, by a revived and spirited patronage of the Jockey Clubs (the markets for thorough-bred horses) in their vicinity. This would supply oil to the candle, which would give a cheerful and useful light; otherwise, the starveling taper will gradually flicker away in its socket, until it finally, and, indeed, very shortly "goes out," and that, too, "in the hands" of "a crowd," who will be found, afterwards, groping along and fumbling about, "in the dark," for their lost capital.

I know it is argued, frequently, that *all* cannot succeed at the business, and that many, perhaps a majority, must fail in it. Now, this is a very broad and blind objection, inasmuch as it applies, with equal truth, to *every* species of business—"all" do not succeed in any department of industry or enterprize—and, moreover, a large portion *fail* of success in every branch: from the stock-jobbers of Wall-street, down to the greasy-fingered grocer of the obscure suburbs. It is also argued that *few stars*, few very distinguished and profitable race-horses, "pop out" every year—not more than half-a-dozen in a hundred. Before rebutting this fallacious argument with an array of down-right facts to the contrary, I reply that *not one* in a hundred, in *any* business whatever, makes a fortune by his success in that "line." Not even *one* out of the hundred of active jobbers, who bolster up, or depress Stocks, at the will of their merciless designs, by cunningly devised representations, pro and con,—not one of a hundred of Flour-merchants, Tobacco-dealers, Speculators in Gold Mines or Public-Lands; "Dry-Goodsmen," or moist Grocers; Hotel-keepers, or "Cross-legged knights," ever makes what's called "a fortune," or more than a support by his pursuit.

But in reference to the "*few stars* that pop out every year," why, there's a galaxy of them in the different States. Each Course has its champion, and every State a dozen at least, or more, promising and prominent winners every year. Therefore, if a breeder, by his judicious selection of stock in the commencement, and subsequent sagacious choice of crosses, bring out to a race-field, during the races, a fine, promising yearling, or two-year-old, (the age at which breeders should sell them), why, the *Racer* gives him a handsome price for his stock; and, in turn, if *he* (the Racer) be judicious and experienced, or skilful in its training and developement, makes, from its racing qualities alone, large profits, and if it be a stallion, still greater gains, when "put into the stud."

Never has the breeding and running of the race-horse been so highly encouraged, or so fashionable, as at the present day. Sweepstakes, of the largest character, are filled with astonishing facility and numbers; for instance, one in Tennessee, of $5000 entrance, with *Thirty subs.*, and another there of $1000, with 20 subs., and various others, for all ages, of large amounts, in every South and Western State. Into Virginia, and most of the Southern and Western States, the best horses have been imported from England, and are patronised with unrivalled liberality at enormous prices—prices, by the way, too extravagant for the ultimate interests of their owners, or welfare of the breeding and racing community. In Virginia, shouldn't the great match be made between him and "Wagner," "Boston" will come out next year as a fresh and powerful accession to the "Stud." From his remarkably suitable form and great distinction, he will, doubtless, extensively improve our Stock there. "Boots."

## AN ORIGINAL ANGLING SKETCH.

BY GEO. W. BRADBURY, ESQ.

It was a bright afternoon in a sultry summer month, that I took my fishing-rod, placed spare hooks in my pocket, and with a box of bait, respectable in size, departed upon a piscatorial excursion. The reader in order to save me the trouble of giving him the information, may imagine that the important occurrence thus briefly narrated, took place among the Green Mountains of the American Switzerland, where trout, those beautiful specimens of the finny creation, are found in the richest profusion. There are perhaps no events so willingly remembered by me, as those which have happened to me during several years residence in the midst of the pure mountain streams of Vermont. As a confirmed brother of the rod and angle, and an enthusiastic devotee of the sport which has immortalized Izaak Walton,—bless his memory!—I have devoted many a day, from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof, to the purpose of luring trout from their native element. I have fished at morning, at noon, and at night; in sunshine and tempest; in summer and winter; in short, upon all occasions and in all situations, and I have never found the noble sport tiresome and unpleasant, but always a source of unbounded enjoyment. Excuse the digression.

Upon the afternoon in question, then, with all the necessary paraphernalia, I quietly wended my way towards one of my favorite haunts. It was very warm and scarcely the most circumspect and considerate breath of air disturbed the repose of the leaves, which hung listlessly from the branches of the trees, speaking eloquently of the peace vouchsafed them amid the constant agitation of their brief existence. The cattle reposed in the forest shade, hardly capable of exerting themselves sufficiently to chew the cud, while the swine lay half buried in the mud, where mud was to be found, as still and motionless as though death had deprived their bristles of all future motion. There was the summer landscape in the country, with all its beauties and disadvantages. The sky was without a cloud to dim its blue expanse, yet in the south, a column of snow-white vapor was modestly rising above the horizon, giving certain token of approaching disturbance. The reader may marvel much that I selected such an afternoon as I have described for trout-fishing, but the reader has not devoted so much time to the business as myself, and may therefore be expected to have less knowledge in reference to the grave question at issue.

Ere I had travelled the allotted distance of a couple of miles, the little white cloud I have mentioned, had materially increased in size, and deepened in color, and the occasional low muttering of thunder proved incontestibly that the noontide sultriness was likely to be of short duration. I reached the destined spot, rigged my line to the rod, and nicely adjusted a beautiful dun fly just as the rain drops pattered upon the surface of the stream. At the first cast, before I had drawn my fly half way across the pool, a noble fellow, of a pound in weight, rose with the practised elegance peculiar to the well bred trout, clasped the false fly in his jaws, and in a brief space lay panting upon the sand. By this time the rain was pouring down in torrents, and in an instant I was drenched to the skin; yet scarcely noticing this fact, I continued my glorious employment, and sooth to say, with ample encouragement The fish never behaved more greedily, or aimed at the fly more saucily, and while the shower lasted, I transacted a perfect "land-office business,"—seldom was an angler's toil more faithfully rewarded.

Finally the clouds broke away,—the blue sky again made its appearance and the sun, apparently deriving fresh power from its momentary obscurity, shed down its fierce rays upon tree and field and stream. I had just reached the ruins of an old saw-mill, where a portion of the rough dam had been carried away by freshet; I crept out upon the remains of the dam and looked down in the pool beneath, formed by a slight fall in the creek. The water was four or five feet in depth, the bottom was composed of clean white sand, and the pool, was singularly translucent, exhibiting each object beneath its surface, as distinctly as the stars shine in the heavens above. A venerable stump stood on the bank, and one of its roots protruded into the little pond of water. Beside this root, still and motionless as a tenant of the grave, lay a magnificent trout, of at least three pounds in weight. I gazed at him for a moment scarcely daring to breathe, lest he should dart from my sight. Then with unequivocal care I prepared my most perfect fly, and cast it upon the waters. The beautiful fish remained as provokingly still as before, and I fancied that a smile of derision gathered around the corners of his mouth, that I should expect to gull him by so stale a device. I took off my fly, fastened to the line an approved Kirby hook, and selected a rich and luscious worm, a tempting morsel for the most fastidious fish that ever floated in water. Gradually and cautiously I sank this, and it fell upon the sand within an inch of his lips; I could perceive that the poor worm writhed in agony at finding himself in such close proximity to the jaws of his hereditary enemy, but the trout gave it a glance of apparent scorn, and retreated to the distance of about six inches, remaining as motionless as before. Again I drew in my line, and adopted another scheme. Taking five large hooks, constructed for pike-fishing, I attached them together, pointing different ways, to the end of the line, and gently dropped them into the water. They fell between the fish and the old root, and giving a sudden jerk I found I had hooked the fellow in the side As I brought him to the top of the water he made a strong effort,—the hook had barely caught him by the skin,—the hold gave way, and he disappeared like a fitful gleam of lightning.

"I say, my friend, that was no go, I guess."

I looked up in surprise, and in the person standing upon the bank, who had witnessed my partial success, and deep chagrin in consequence of defeat, recognized an individual who had recently moved into our village. He was a tall, good-humored looking fellow, with an intelligent countenance, and the air of a man who had seen more of the world than he chose to acknowledge. At the same time he was rough in his manners, and apparently indolent in his general habits.

"It is no use for you to attempt to catch that fish, he has been tried too often. I have visited this place about a dozen times and have always found that fellow in the same spot; I guess he is not to be caught by common people."

The conversation being thus fairly commenced, and further attempts at angling seeming to be evidently useless, in consequence of the heat and brightness, we sat down upon the bank, beneath the shade of an old Elm, and commenced a philosophical discussion upon angling. From that, we branched to other topics, and, finally, I found myself listening to a somewhat amusing, and withal instructive, account of my companion's adventures. I take the liberty of telling a portion of his story as it was told me.

"I had lived in Vermont," said he, "until I had arrived at years of discretion, as the saying goes, when I concluded to take a trip west, for the sake of speculation. So I scraped together my cash capital, amounting in all to about three hundred dollars, said good-bye to the old people, and navigated. When I got to Ohio, I found the Texas fever was raging, and all at once I became inoculated with a desire for military glory. I concluded, accordingly, to go as far as New Orleans, and, if I found reports favorable, cross to the land of promise. When I reached New Orleans, however, I met an old acquaintance, who persuaded me that the Texas notion was a great humbug, and induced me to remain in that city. Having some talent for scribbling, I obtained a situation in a daily paper as a sort of Sub-editor, with plenty of labor and confounded poor pay. I, however, made many acquaintances, and by puffing and bepraising the theatres at a liberal rate, gained quite a reputation among the members of the theatrical corps, as a ready and able writer. In a few months, the paper with which I was connected was conveyed to the tomb of the Capulets, and having nothing else to do, I did really go to Texas, and enlisted into the patriot army.

Now, I do not intend to tell you any of my adventures in Texas, for really they are not worth mentioning. I suffered the usual hardship allotted to those who enlist in the cause of patriotism; and after the satisfactory experience of a few months, I concluded to make the best of my way home. You would have laughed yourself to tears, Stranger, had you witnessed the figure I cut when I found myself on the levee at New Orleans. I was ragged, filthy, and saucy, the veriest specimen of a loafer that ever travelled upon one pair of legs. Yet I had not lost my good humor, or that special confidence in myself which has always carried me through the botherations of this life. You see, my good fellow, according to my notion, a man should never despond, however desperate the situation in which he may be placed. If fortune maltreats him, let him grin and bear it, and if things grow worse at each going down of the sun, let him set his teeth firmly together and wait for the dawning of a brighter day. It is a long lane that has no turning. It will never do for a fellow to conclude that the game is up, until he sees the last card played; he may win a trick when he least expects it. So much for philosophy.

Well, I landed in New Orleans without cash capital, and so far gone in personal appearance that more impudence than I possessed was necessary to give assurance that I deserved credit. With my hands in my pockets to my elbows, I was sauntering leisurely along, when I observed approaching me an individual with whom I had previously been intimated the manager of one of the leading theatres. Presuming, of course, that he would not recognise me, still having sufficient pride left to prevent me from speaking where I was not likely to be spoken to, I averted my face, and attempted to pass him in silence. When opposite, he grasped my hand, looked in my countenance for a moment, and burst into a good-natured, hearty laugh.

"Why, Smith, my old friend, is this you?"

"To be sure it is."

"You seem to have seen hard times."

"O, yes, the best of us have our reverses."

"Certainly, don't mention it. This meeting is really the luckiest thing in the world, for I was in a great quandary, and you have fairly helped me out of it. Look at this paper, in which I am ridiculed by some puppy, who knows no more of theatricals than of decency. I have just found out that he is hired to do the job by the manager of the ——, who thinks to make a living by running opposition against me."

"And what can I do to help you out of it?"

"Every thing, my dear fellow, here is a cool fifty, you will use it to rig yourself out in gentlemanly garments. After this is done, call at my room; you wield a powerful pen, and are an experienced editorial dissector. I will furnish you with the facts in reference to the manager of the ——, and you shall flay him alive. The editorial columns of the —— are at your service, and in the meantime I will cheerfully act as your treasurer. You can draw upon me for any sums needed."

Here was good fortune, when I least expected it, and to say that I jumped at the offer would be altogether superfluous. I immediately provided myself with a thin change of dress, left my rags, which had done the State so much service, in the first convenient bath-house, with all the vermin attached, and in the space of an hour I was again transformed into a respectable gentleman with literary pretensions. The —— newspaper of the next morning contained a most scathing article upon the —— theatre and its manager, which I had concocted with the usual facility.

Within two hours after its publication, I met the very manager whom I had so unmercifully used up.

"Ah, Smith! glad to see you, when did you return from Texas?"

"Yesterday."

"How have you been?"

"Never in better health."

"I am pleased to learn it, really. Of course, you have not yet obtained any employment here?"

"No; I think of going north, pretty soon."

"How soon!"

"In the course of a week or ten days."

"Well, I do not believe you have made a fortune in Texas; so allow me to give you an offer. Just read this paper, Sir, in which I am abused like a pick-pocket, by some contemptible loafer, hired by the manager of the ——, who has taken it into his head that he can make a good speculation by attacking me. Now, here is fifty dollars, and you can have as much room in the —— as you please. The paper is much more respectable than this; you are behind nobody in the blackguarding line, and I think we can prove to the manager of the ——, and his vagabond scribbler, that he has caught a Tartar—what say you?"

"With all my heart; I should like no better fun."

Little other preliminary conversation took place, and I returned to my boarding place, with the grave intention of pointing out the manifold errors of my own logic and sophistry, and endeavoring to surpass myself in abuse and denunciation. I prepared accordingly a most magnificent piece of scurrility, as far as concerned the manager of the —— theatre in whose service I had first engaged, interspersed with numberless caustic allusions to the hack scribbler whom he had hired to perform the dirty work which appropriately belonged to nobody but himself. There was not a solitary crevice in my own armor into which I did not insert the point of my spear, and never did friar of old belabor himself half so unmercifully. I met the two managers in the morning with very different feelings.

"Sir," said he for whom I last worked, "you have hammered that fellow beautifully, and I think he will rest contented. You use a very powerful pen, while the person who is writing in the —— is a complete ignoramus. He lacks your tact, your force of argument, your biting sarcasm, and your fine choice of language. I think I have never seen so strong a contrast."

The other manager seemed to entertain a very different opinion.

"Smith," said he, "that is a little the weakest, milk-and-water effusion in the —— this morning I have seen for a long time; the writer of it is an ass outright. However, there are some statements which must not be suffered to go without contradiction, and you may as well give them one more dose."

I threw so much spice into the affair upon both sides of the question, that the combatants who "took the responsibility" were soon satisfied, and retreated. After it was all over, I related the joke to them, and as neither of the parties had much to boast of, I freely escaped with the "spoils of victory."

Having by this operation well replenished my pockets, I invested my cash, small as was the amount, in a safe speculation, and by a series of fortunate manœuvres, I managed to scrape together, in the course of a couple of months, the snug little sum of a thousand dollars. With this I concluded to return to my Northern friends and repose upon my laurels. Well, Sir, I took passage for Pittsburgh on board the steamer Firebrand, Captain Dodge. Say what you may old habits will cling to a man, and my natural recklessness nearly involved me in an ugly scrape before we had proceeded a hundred miles upon our journey. Soon after we left port, a gentleman with whom I had been acquainted invited me to a game of poker. I asked him if he knew the company with whom he intended to play, and he replied that there were but two others, an intimate friend of his, and a person named Jones, to whom he had been introduced in the "Crescent City," who was apparently a gentleman and a man of honor. Without more ado, we seated ourselves at the table, and plunged immediately into business.

For a couple of hours there was but little lost or won, although we were playing a tolerably heavy game Skill and fortune seemed to be very equally divided among us. After that time, however, I was picked up by Jones on several bets, which in ordinary cases would have been considered specially safe, and by dinner time I found I was a loser to the amount of about three hundred dollars. Familiarity with the changes of fortune had led me to look upon such reverses with a considerable share of coolness, and instead of "crying for spilled milk," I set to work devising means for redeeming the disaster. Appearances convinced me there was foul play on the part of Jones, and at dinner the Captain assured me that he was a notorious blackleg, and that from the indiscreet manner in which I had exhibited my money, he particularly noticed that Jones had made a dead set at my pile.

After dinner I went to the bar and purchased two packs of cards, and invited a friend, upon whom I could rely in any emergency, to my state-room. I then selected a hand to suit myself from the two packs, and handed it to my associate, directing him to seat himself near me, and upon a given signal, to exchange hands, giving me the one I had selected. I then borrowed what spare cash he had in his possession, some three or four hundred dollars, and after the different messes had eaten their dinners, and the table was removed, the same party seated itself for the afternoon's work. I very soon divined Jones' game, and prepared myself for it. During the first hour I had no difficulty in winning about a hundred dollars, in small sums. Presently Jones dealt the cards, and on examining mine, I found he had given me four queens and a king, the largest hand but two in the pack. We were playing with twenty cards. I was very well satisfied that he had secured a better hand for himself. I nevertheless bet one hundred dollars upon mine. He affected to hesitate, but finally covered my hundred dollars, and bet one hundred more. His manner convinced me, and while I pretended to fumble for money with one hand, I passed my cards to my friend at my side, who was apparently watching the progress of the game, and received the hand which I had previously selected. This was fortunately managed without observation, and I threw down two hundred dollars, betting one hundred more than my adversary, the other two hands having passed out. Jones again feigned to hesitate, and said—

"I'm a little afraid of you, stranger; but as I never back out, I shall have to call you, and bet one hundred more."

"I'll see that," replied I, "and one hundred better."

"I can't call," said he; "so here's a couple of hundred dollars more."

By this time quite a circle was gathered around the table, attended by the most lively betting. I counterfeited agitation, drew money first from one pocket, then another, and during the progress of the game, I had plucked a pistol from its hiding place, and laid it upon the table beside me; my vest was also thrown open, and the ivory handle of a formidable Bowie-knife displayed itself conspicuously among the folds of my shirt-bosom. Altogether, the scene was extremely picturesque. Jones and myself had deposited upon the table the sum of twelve hundred dollars. On producing the last hundred, I remarked that it was the last of my friend's, that I should bet more if it was in my possession, and that I would simply call his hand. If his cards were better than mine, he was welcome to the money.

"You *may* beat me," said Jones; "my cards are very good—indeed, some people call this an *invincible* hand."

"Turn over your cards," said I.

"There they are, Sir, I don't think you need be very anxious to see them—*four aces and a king—the best hand in the pack*—can you beat it."

A triumphant smile rested upon his countenance, and various accents of surprise circulated through the crowd which had gathered around us, while he reached forth his hand to grasp the pile of money.

"Don't be in haste, my good friend," said I, "you have not seen my hand; let the money lie until the matter is fairly settled. Did you deal the cards?"

"I did, sir."

"And deal them fairly and honestly?"

"The man who says these cards were dealt otherwise is a lying scoundrel."

"There is no necessity for threats—I do not mean to insinuate that there has been foul play—I merely wished to know if you were satisfied with the deal.—THERE ARE FIVE ACES," remarked I, with provoking coolness, as I spread my hand before him upon the table.

The color deserted his countenance, and he exclaimed, furiously,

"You can't come that game, stranger."

"Don't get into an unnecessary passion, my worthy fellow," said I, "this little difficulty can be settled without any hard words. Gentlemen," continued I, appealing to the crowd, "you all heard Mr. Jones say that the cards were fairly dealt *by himself*. Now I leave it for you to decide, Captain Dodge, whether or not five aces will not beat four aces and a king?"

"Just exactly beat them sir; every body can discover that."

"But," said the black-leg, "there are *nine* aces to one pack of cards."

"Can't help it," returned I, "you denounced any man who should dare to question the fairness of your deal; of course I shall not run the risk of being called a lying scoundrel."

The fellow glanced at my ostentatious display of bowie knives and pistols, and offered no resistance as I gathered up the money and wadded it into my pocket. After finishing this important operation, I addressed him as follows:

"You permitted no man to call in question your honesty, under penalty of being condemned as a liar and a villain. All I have to say to you is that if you pretend to accuse me of foul play, or even to utter such an insinuation, will have you brought before the court of Judge Lynch, soundly flogged, branded upon the forehead, and set on shore."

The lookers-on testified their approbation by a hearty cheer, and the chop-fallen black-leg landed at the next port.

I forgot to tell you, added my new acquaintance, by way of finishing his story—that my name is John Smith. That Sir, was John Smith's last adventure, although it has been currently reported that he was lately seen upon the great Kanawha river in Virginia, using Brandreth's Pills in boring for salt. I am happy to inform you that such is by no means the case. I returned immediately home, bought the farm upon which I now live, paid the cash for every rod of land, married a buxom lass, and in spite of my wife, am one of the happiest men in existence. As for the moral to my story, you can easily find it out. I am persuaded that you are now thinking about that gambling scrape, and you are going to say that it was not precisely in accordance with safe moral principle. I will acknowledge that it was wrong, but it was simply cutting the fellow's throat with the weapon which he had prepared to cut mine. Few people who mingle in such scenes escape contamination so easily as myself. Most of those who are once drawn into the vortex of dissipation, find certain destruction. The black-legs upon the Mississippi, with all their fashionable exterior, and gentlemanly appearance, and fine address, are as graceless a set of scoundrels as have escaped the gallows. They are a source of the grossest moral pollution, and breed a nuisance more pestilential than arises from any other causes within the cognizance of society. The true way to exterminate them is to compel them to prey upon each other, by excluding them from all other resources.

As John Smith finished his reflections, which I have endeavored to place upon paper with all the original freshness with which they fell from his distinguished lips, I discovered that the sun had gradually declined in the heavens, and that John Smith's shadow, as he stood upright on his feet, was some two or three rods in length. For the moment, that wonderful shade, extending half across the sheep pasture, was a happy emblem of John Smith's towering fame, spreading as it does over half the world of civilized men. My mind was filled with pleasant reflections as I gathered up my trout, and in company with John Smith, proceeded upon my journey towards home.

---

*Snake Story.*—A huge black snake was recently killed in this State, upwards of thirty feet long. On opening him he was found to contain two squirrels, five birds, and two young negroes! Miss. Paper.

Nothing to one that was killed in this vicinity, measuring upwards of forty rods. Our snake, on being opened, contained a family Bible, the unexpired lease of a three story brick house in Royal-street, three boxes of Peter's Pills (with directions,) an unfinished mile of the Nashville Railroad, three stray horses, Cioffi's trombone, three packages of tickets in the Grand Lottery, a Dutch music grinder with his barrel organ, a plan of the city of Uncle Sam, lost since 1837, and a pair of old peg bottomed boots which the owner is respectfully requested to prove and take away. When you can tell of a bigger snake story we'll try again. Picayune.

The "Cincinnati Buckeye" says it takes science to make a good paper when the mails fails. It takes more of it, when the mails arrive in the condition they have latterly—namely, wrong end foremost. Boston Times

# Agricultural.

## ESSAY ON ROARING.

FROM AN ABSTRACT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

The following Essay, by Mr. James Carter, was read :—

ON ROARING.

The subject which I am about to introduce to your notice—ROARING—is of considerable importance, as connected with the soundness and usefulness of the horse.

The Association is much indebted to Mr. J. Turner for a novel and ingenious theory of roaring, as caused by obstruction in the nasal chambers, and illustrated by a case which proved that he was right in this instance at least. The opinion which I shall have the honor of maintaining to-night is, that it exists in some lesion or disease of the respiratory organs, not discoverable in ordinary respiration, but sufficiently manifest during violent exercise and exertion. Whatever may be the seat or cause of roaring, it diminishes the speed of the animal and the duration of his services, materially diminishes his value, and constitutes unsoundness. In some aggravated cases it has rendered the horse utterly incapable of work; but other horses, if they are not pushed too cruelly, do their work as well as the soundest horse.

We shall not be surprised that the respiratory organs of the horse are subject to various morbid affections, when we consider the artificial habits of life to which we expose him. These habits necessarily produce numerous morbid changes in the respiratory organs. I shall confine myself in the present Essay to those which take place in the larynx, trachea, and commencement of the bronchial passages, and which are known among horsemen by the terms *Wheezing*, *Whistling*, *Piping*, *Roaring*, and *High-blowing*.

*Wheezing.*—This disease, on post-mortem examination, is invariably found to be in the lungs. The sound is similar to that made by an asthmatic person. It may be heard when the animal is still, or, at all events, when he is urged to the least exertion, it is distinctly audible.

*Whistling.*—The sound is like a rush of air passing through a narrow passage in the larynx or trachea. It is not heard when the animal is in a quiet state; and the best means to detect it is to gallop the animal up a hill.

*Piping* is, by some, considered synonymous with whistling; but I am inclined to think that it should be placed under the head of Broken-wind.

*High-blower.*—This species of roaring does not appear to lessen the physical powers of the animal, although the noise he produces is of a loud, irregular, mixed sound. I imagine this to be dependent on the conformation of the false nostrils.

*Roaring*, when once heard, can never afterwards be mistaken. It is louder and more boisterous than any of the sounds yet mentioned. When his energies are suddenly and violently exerted, the animal immediately evinces the malady under which he labors.

I will now proceed to consider the causes of this affection of the respiratory organs.

CAUSES.—These are either remote or proximate. The remote are mostly inflammation, either acute or chronic, in the tracheal tube itself. Occasionally it is produced by the inflammation of other contiguous parts, as of the salivary glands in strangles, or the abscesses which occasionally occur in the vicinity of the pharynx in violent catarrh. Alteration in the structure of the lungs, such as hepatization, may and does produce it. Bony deposit from kicks or blows on the front of the trachea may also be a cause of it; or extraneous substances lodged in the cavities leading to the trachea.

The proximate causes may include these accidental obstructions, but are mainly to be looked for in the throwing out of partial or complete bands, which, becoming organized, form a permanent obstruction. When it is spread over the larynx, it produces the wheezing which I have described. When it constringes the rimæ glottidis, a whistling sound is the necessary consequence, similar to what we often experience when laboring under catarrh, and that which may be observed in the ordinary respiration of some asthmatic persons.

On handling the throats of many old horses, we find that the larynx is in a more than usually hardened state; and if we exert all our force, we can scarcely make the animal cough. This ossification of the laryngeal cartilages is a frequent cause of roaring; and as I have already remarked, a similar state of the trachea is also productive of it. A band of lymph stretched across the trachea is not an unfrequent cause. The obstruction is sometimes so considerable as to excite roaring on the slightest exertion; but in general, it is only produced when sudden or forcible inspirations and expirations are made. The restraint to which young horses are subject in breaking is a frequent cause, when the nose is so cruelly bent inward on the neck in the stall, or in the lounge or break, or by dumb jockeys or crosses. The windpipe is hereby contracted: curved, and shortened:—the ligaments, naturally elastic, lose their action, and become rigid, sadly impairing the functions of the organ. This is aggravated and rendered incurable in old horses by the extreme to which tight reigning up is carried, and the inflammation and ultimate ossification which are produced thereby. Neck-straps, when improperly or too habitually applied, or when they are used instead of a headstall, are too frequent causes of roaring. Fractures of the rings of the trachea have occasioned it, the cartilages being depressed inwards. The continual pinching of the larynx, in order to ascertain the state of the lungs, and the character of the cough which will be uttered, is a too common cause of roaring. A degree of inflammation will be hereby set up which must of necessity be injurious.

In making examinations at the knackers' yards I have occasionally found the laryngeal muscles on one side nearly absorbed, while those on the other side have retained their natural proportions. Those most frequently diseased are, the thyro-arytenoïdeus, the arytenoïdeus, the cryco-aritenoïdeus posticus and lateralis. In a horse that was slaughtered while I stood by, the trachea was considerably diminished in caliber. This animal had been "a whistler"

I have examined the heads of many roarers, but could never find any peculiarity of structure to warrant the suspicion that the cause of the disease existed there; but I have invariably found sufficient lesions in either the larynx or trachea, and oftenest in the former.

It will be evident on the slightest inspection that disease of these organs, whether spontaneous or from violence, will alter their structure and form, and thus affect the current of air which passes through them, and the sounds which are produced by that current. In this way we easily account for the different varieties of roaring which I have described.

TREATMENT.—The first thing to be considered when an animal laboring under this disease is brought before us is, to ascertain its nature, and the length of time that it has continued. Our first and chief guide will be the sound. If it is not a case of long standing, a cure may possibly be effected; and even in chronic cases we may give relief. The first and most obvious treatment is that recommended by Mr. Sewell, namely, to give the organs their full liberty of action, and gradually to extend that action by reining the head up daily between the pillars or the side-rings of the stall, allowing the full play of the head. This will be particularly of service if there is deformity of the trachea.

If the affection is recent, and inflammation is evidently present, bleeding should be resorted to. If it assumes a catarrhal form, the remedies must be such as would be adopted for that disease; and, in such case, I would certainly recommend a seton to be passed on each side, behind the angle of the jaw, being careful not to wound the parotid gland or its duct or the jugular vein. Mild purgatives may be exhibited, with occasional moderate exercise, and not too full diet; but all this supposes a recent case.

In more advanced stages, and where roaring accompanies the ordinary acts of respiration, or is heard on the slightest alarm being produced, I should recommend the operation of tracheotomy. The skill and discernment of the surgeon will decide on what part of the tube it is necessary to operate. The application of the ear to the trachea will inform him whether there is obstruction in the trachea, and the very spot at which it exists. It will likewise clearly indicate the state of the larynx and its cavity. This application of immediate auscultation to the whole extent of the trachea will prevent the somewhat disgraceful exhibition of those hap-hazard incisions, here and there, which have been sometimes recommended. The situation of the obstruction will be clearly indicated, if it exists at all, and the incision should be made immediately below it.

By means of the artificial opening which we have made, and the tube which we place in it, we leave the diseased parts in a state of rest; a circumstance which is very desirable, if the case should prove to be of such a nature as to admit of relief by the use of revulsives, as setons, blisters, &c.; or that which may determine the internal irritation or inflammation, if there is any, to the external integument, or to any neighboring and comparatively harmless part.

The tube and the seton, &c., should be allowed to remain a month or more: and if relief is not then afforded, we may despair of success, whatever mode of treatment may be adopted. The diseased parts will have become too highly organized to undergo any change, or the lost muscular power will be irrestorable, or the distortion of the tracheal tube will be too great to admit of remedy.

Mr. CARTER, in answer to a question, replied, that he had seen roaring in horses of every size, even the smallest ponies.

Mr. CARTWRIGHT was rather surprised to hear the operation of tracheotomy recommended as a cure for roaring. It was bad policy to have recourse to a greater evil in order to get rid of a lesser one. He had never met with any authentic account of roaring being thus cured when it was an affection of the larynx, or its immediate neighborhood; but he had known cases in which roaring was the effect of tracheotomy. If ever he could be induced to have recourse to tracheotomy for this complaint, it would be when, by means of auscultation, he had, beyond the shadow of doubt, discovered the situation of the cause of roaring, and that it was some distance from the larynx.

He recollected to have heard of an operation which would make him extremely cautious. A practitioner was called in to a case of evident obstruction in trachea, and for which tracheotomy seemed to be plainly indicated. He had not a tracheotomy tube with him. He nevertheless operated, and the animal experienced some relief; but the horse died of farcy and glanders: not, perhaps, from any unhealthy state of the wound, for it was nearly closed, and a strong membrane was passing over the orifice, but the rim of that orifice and the trachea were contracting at that part, and roaring would have infallibly been the result. He did not think that sufficient attention had been paid to the construction of these tubes. They should be of different sizes, according to the wound into the trachea, and according to the degree of contraction within the trachea.

Mr. ERNES said, that of the causes of roaring which had been mentioned, the bearing-rein was the most productive of mischief. It was a pity that it should be so, for it was a part of the harness which was least of all necessary, or which, he should say, was not necessary at all. The horses would do their work better without it, and with a great deal less distress.

Mr. DAWES asked whether roaring was an hereditary disease? He could not say that it was from his personal experience; but he had heard that opinion expressed by those whom he deemed competent judges.

Mr. MARKHAM was enabled to speak to that fact from his own personal experience. He knew an entire horse that was a roarer. Eight foals were got by him, and six of them were roarers.

Mr. MURCH asked whether any particular make or size of the horse seemed to predispose to roaring?

Mr. CARTER thought that large horses with long necks were most subject to it.

Mr. MURCH.—Among coach horses generally, the smaller ones are not so liable to roaring as the larger ones.

Mr. SPARROW.—Did Mr. Carter ever meet with instances of horses going out sound and becoming roarers?

Mr. CARTER.—Yes, frequently. Horses that have never been harnessed have come up, four years old, decided roarers.

Mr. MARKHAM.—Is it not on account of the treatment which they undergo? They may never have been harnessed,—they may never have had a carriage behind them, but they have had the bearing-rein upon them again and again.—The racing-colt goes with his head down—no one cares how much he pokes his head before him, and he is comparatively seldom a roarer.

Mr. CARTER was quite aware of this. It would be a rare thing to find a thorough-bred racing-colt, or even a full-grown racer, a roarer. They were the tall carriage-horses that were thus affected.

Mr. CARTWRIGHT.—And yet Grenadier, a racer, was a rank roarer.

Mr. BATTLEDORE.—And a great many of his get are roarers too. Generally speaking, it is the reining-in that makes the thorough-bred horse a roarer.

Mr. MARTIN was quite aware that the bearing-rein was the grand cause of roaring; but some horses became roarers even at grass. How was this?

Mr. CARTER.—It is the consequence of strangles, or sore throat, or thickening of some portion of the respiratory mucous membrane.

Mr. MARTIN.—They are also liable to be injured by other horses. They may receive blows or kicks on the trachea. When he was in the East-India service, and had the charge of one of the depots, it was almost incredible how many cases of roaring we traced to horses at grass. They were entire horses, and therefore so liable to do mischief.

Mr. MARKHAM.—In our country, the thorough-bred colts are separated at nine months old, and are generally in paddocks by themselves.

Mr. ERNES.—May not roaring sometimes occur from pressure on some nervous branch, the *laryngeal*, or even the *recurrent*? Does the sensibility of the larynx depend on the ganglion to which Mr. Carter refers in his Essay? He does not think that it does. This is a sympathetic ganglion, and he does not trace any sensation to the branches of the sympathetic nerve.

Mr. WILKES had frequently examined this portion of the superior laryngeal nerve, and near its origin he had discovered a ganglion which had been overlooked by anatomists, and which, in his opinion, supplied this membrane with common sensation.

[Some conversation now ensued between Mr. Ernes and Mr. Wilkes respecting this ganglion; but, as it was wandering from the point at issue, we omit it.]

Mr. MARKHAM had found large coach-horses, with narrow chests more subject to roaring than square-made horses. He has now four colts, by Don Juan, all long-legged, and two of them are roarers. He would never buy such horses, unless there was something very extraordinary about them. The disease may have some connexion with the narrow neck of these horses.

Mr. WALLIS.—The trial of the horse, by pressing on his larynx, should be done away with. We can find out whether a horse has sound lungs by careful observation of his flanks; or, if not, we can give him a good gallop.

Mr. CARTWRIGHT said, that those who had most to do with horses had observed how seldom the cart-horse was a roarer, compared with the carriage-horse. The explanation was sufficiently plain. There was not only the difference of pace, but there was the difference of position—there was not the cruel action of the bearing-rein.

Mr. PARKINSON observed that the bearing-rein was far more used, and, he thought, unnecessarily so, in Great Britain, than on the Continent. He believed that there was no bearing-rein like our's in Germany; but another sort, which, perhaps, Mr. Ernes would kindly explain.

Mr. ERNES said, that it was correct to a certain extent only. It was the case with the agricultural horses who were too eager for the other horses of the team to check them, and not to keep their heads up. On the contrary, it keeps them down, for this rein fixes the head to the lower part of the collar.—In the north of Germany, Poland, and Russia, the bearing-rein and blinkers are unknown; their horses shy less, and are more tractable than when these unnecessary instruments of cruelty are used. In Belgium and Western Germany they are more in use. The custom, he believed, was derived from England; although in France they have not even a name for it. The Veterinarian.

## COWS FED ALONE ON CORN WILL NOT THRIVE.

MR. CLAYTON:—I have a theory to communicate which deserves more attention than it has received, and which if it does not claim the univeral attention of farmers, may at least serve to swell the volume of your numerous well-meant speculations. It is harmless, and therefore bas *one* virtue upon its front.

Cows, in my neighborhood, are fed on corn—entirely on corn—throughout most of the winter. This I view as a prodigal and destructive policy—prodigal of the corn, and if not destructive, at least innutritive to the cow. I have known cows fed on ten ears of corn, night and morning, throughout the winter, and remain poor in the spring. I do not recollect that I ever knew a cow kept fat through the winter on corn alone. A highly respectable and close observing farmer of Williamson, once told me that he has known cows to waste away, and in some instances actually to die in the spring, after having wintered on a liberal corn feeding. He averred, too, that they did not waste of the reason of another man's cow I once heard of which died of eating turnips—*one turnip a day.*—There remains with me not a reasonable doubt, that cows do not thrive well on corn alone—and I will now proceed to tell you why I think so.

The cow is a *herbivorous* animal, and in a state of nature feeds on grasses, herbs, reeds, brush, &c. Nature has wonderfully provided this species of animals with a digestive apparatus, which plainly points to the description of food it was intended they should consume. As with all other animals which feed chiefly on grass, their *molares* or jaw teeth attain great size and strength, whilst in the cow particularly the under *incisors* or fore teeth are entirely wanting; thus fitting them for the patient mastication of tough, dry herbaceous aliments. Again, the salivary glands of the cow are remarkably large; thus endowing them with the unusual secretion of saliva requisite to the complete mastication of such substances. Again, the cow is provided with that other peculiar and novel portion of the digestive apparatus, denied to man and to all merely graniverous animals, the *four stomachs*—enabling her to *ruminate*, or to chew over again such portions of the woody fibre of her food as reach the portal of the alimentary canal, insufficiently masticated. Is it possible that all these peculiarities are given to the cow, without a design? Are they of no especial use? It is certain they are not absolutely required in the mastication and digestion of *corn*.

In order to make the opinions I am about to offer more intelligible, I will here premise a brief description of the above mentioned *four stomachs*, and of the other more important parts of the digestive apparatus, immediately connected with the subject of my remarks.

The first of these stomachs is the *paunch*, which is the largest, holding many gallons. The second is a globular appendage to the first, the internal membrane of which is regularly distributed into polyonal or many angled cells. The third is the smallest, and its capacity much diminished by numerous and broad duplicatures of the internal membrane. The fourth is second in size, and is lined with a villous or porous membrane. With the aid of this apparatus, and a sort of diluted muriatic acid juice with which it is regularly supplied through its internal membrane, the food of the cow is reduced to a sort of semi-fluid pulp, called *chyle*. This chyle then passes through the *duodenum jejunum*, and *illium*, (the three portions of the small intestines,) and the coecum and colon, of the large intestine, whence the excrementitious matter is ejected. The internal membrane of the small gut is villous, or full of small pores, through which the nutritive juices of the food are taken up into the lacterals, and conveyed to every part of the system. In the liver, the bile is secreted, which flows in the gall bag, and thence into the duodenum, where together with the pancreatic juices, it comes in contact with the chyle, upon which it is supposed to perform very important chemical changes; among which is the separation of the alimentitious from the excrementitious portions of the food.

With these remarks, I will now proceed to give some of the reasons which I believe render *corn alone*, not only innutritious but really injurious to the healthful condition of the cow.

First, then, a gallon of corn, or thirteen ears at a feeding, is known to contain a quantity of rich farinacious matter sufficient for one cow. This feeding of corn fills, perhaps, only about *one seventh part* of one stomach, the paunch. It is an established fact with animal phisiologists, that all animals feel more comfortable, when the stomach is nearly filled. And comfort, it is known, contributes to *fat*. But in addition to this fact, the healthy action of the vascular membrane of the stomach, through which the gastric juice is supplied, and which is so essential to complete digestion, is dependent upon a certain *distention* of the stomach, and consequent excitement therefrom. Bell, in his anatomy of the lymphatics and lacteals of the intestinal canal, says that "the absorption is not by an inorganized pore, but depending on excitement and action"—"when excited by the presence of chyle," &c. The filling of the paunch, then, with hay, fodder, or other "roughness," is essential to the comfort of the animal, and the proper action of the gastric juices upon the food.

Again, corn frequently passes through the cow *whole*, and so completely undisturbed as to germinate and sprout on being planted. But "roughness" of all sorts, when fed to a cow, is always well decomposed and digested. The ruminating faculty of the cow enables her to throw up and chew over wads of grass, or, if fed together with corn, wads of grass and corn—thus enabling her to digest it properly. But corn alone, connot be sufficiently acted on by this process. I need not dwell on the great importance of a proper mastication and digestion of food to the healthful condition of the animal.

But there are still more weighty reasons why corn is hurtful to animals, when fed alone. A large portion of the composition of corn grain is in farinaceous matter, consisting of gluten, albumen, &c., and becomes under certain circumstances, vegetable mucilage. It is nutritive in a high degree. But there is in it a total absence of that *bitter principle*, which is so essential as a tonic to give strength and vigor to the systems of animals fed on nutritive vegetable substances. Dr. Paris, in his History of Medicinal Substances, has furnished a succinct account of this *bitter principle*, or *extract*, and its importance to the digestion of herbivorous animals, which I cannot do better than to quote.—He says:—

"There would seem to be certain substances that act as specific stimuli upon the living fibre, and are in certain cases indispensable for the maintenance of its healthy tone; such are *vegetable bitters*, which produce a powerful effect upon the *digestive organs*, and by nervous sympathy, upon the rest of the system. Bitter *extractive* seems to be as essential to the digestion of *herbivorous*, as salt is to carnivorous animals; it acts as a natural stimulant, &c.

Again he says:—

"No cattle will thrive upon grasses which do not contain a portion of this vegetable principle; this fact has been most satisfactorily proved by the late researches of Mr. Sinclair, Gardener to the Duke of Bedford, which are recorded in that magnificent work, the 'Hortus Gramineus Woburnensis.' They show, that if sheep are fed on *yellow turnips*, which contain little or no bitter principle, that they instinctively seek for, and greedily devour any provender which may contain it, and that if they cannot obtain it they become diseased and die." "With regard to the natural use of bitter extractive, it may be laid down as a truth, that it stimulates the stomach, corrects putrefying and unwholesome nutriment, promotes tardy digestion, increases the nutritive powers of those vegetable substances to which it is united, and furnishes a natural remedy for the deranged functions of the stomach in particular," &c. "Its importance is in *an inverse ratio* with the nutritive powers of the food." "That cultivation which extends the nutritive powers of vegetable bodies generally diminishes their bitterness in the same proportion. Gummy matter is undoubtedly rendered more digestible and nutritive by the presence of a bitter."

The reader need but bear the above positions in mind, and apply them to *corn* as food, which is destitute of bitter, but is eminently nutritious, and possesses much saccharine, mucilaginous, and gutinous matter.*

Besides, Professor Fritze, in his Medical Annals, states that vegetable mucilage, (existing abundantly in corn grain,) "when used as a principal article of diet, relaxes the organs of digestion, and produces a *viscid slimy mucus*, and a *morbid acid*, in the primæ viæ, an effect which analogy shows may be obviated by the addition of bitter extractive."† Now, the question arises, if the internal membrane of the alimentary canal, through which the nutritive portions of the food are absorbed, become coated with this viscid slimy mucus, is not the healthful action of the absorbing glands impaired? I do not entertain a doubt of it—and if so the health of the animal is consequently injured. Now, in addition to the instrumentality of the *vegetable bitter* found in most grasses, is it not probable that the *roughness* of the hay or fodder itself would in its progress through much of the alimentary canal, aid to remove this viscid slimy mucus, and by distension and certain excitement, produce a healthy action in the villous membrane on which the lacteals are distributed? I am at present unshaken in such an opinion. I am borne out in it, too, by all the facts heretofore adduced from the high authorities named. If these conclusions are correct, then, whenever, the entire food of a cow is *corn*, let it be ever so bountiful, she is not likely for any great length of time together to exhibit evidences of improvement, and in the course of a long winter would in all probability be greatly impoverished. How important it is, then, for every farmer to lay in a due proportion of "roughness" for his cows—even shucks, corn-stalks, straw, and such cheap fodder as cannot otherwise be profitably used. K.

Southern Cultivator.

* Sir Humphrey Davy has shown, by accurate chemical tests, that of fifteen varieties of the most common grasses, an average of 45 out of 1000 parts consists of soluble or nutritive matter. Of this soluble matter, an average of little more than one tenth part was found to be *extract*. He also ascertained that this principle was wholly absent in nearly all nutritious grains and esculent roots, embracing wheats, rye, oats, linseed, barley, parsnips, carrots, cabbages, common turnips, &c.

† It is probable that this mucus is one of the chemical results of the contact between the bile and pancreatic juices, and the albuminous and glutinous principles in the grain, which takes place at or near the entrance of the duodenum. Prout says:—"If the food originally contained no albuminous matter, no albumen is developed in the stomach; but immediately on the entrance of the semi-fluid mass into the duodenum, and its mixture with the bile and the pancreatic fluids; albuminous, and other chyloes matters, become distinctly perceptible." He thinks the albuminous matter "partly derived from the pancreatic fluid;" but the quantity of albumen formed in the duodenum, he thinks, shows that its largest proportions "are developed from the food."

## HAIR OF THE HORSE.

From the non-conducting qualities of hair, its almost universal diffusion over the bodies of animals, the change which it undergoes during sickness, and the effect which it exercises on the perspiration of the animal, it may safely be inferred that it performs an important part in the animal economy. Nature arranges this covering to the wants of the animal, or the climate it inhabits. Under the equator, the hair of animals is scattering, and with few exceptions coarse, as we recede from that point, the hair becomes thicker and finer, until in high northern latitudes, fur of the fineness of silk constitutes almost the entire covering. The horse is subject to the same laws that govern other animals in this respect, as may be seen by comparing the Arabian horse, or other southern horse, with the northernmost breeds—the Shetland horse, for instance. In the first, the hair is short and smooth during the whole year; while in the latter, it is long at all times, and during the winter, has the thickness and closeness almost of wool.

Animals shed, or moult their hair, twice a year: in the spring, to prepare them for the summer heats; and in the fall, to make way for a new, thicker, and finer covering. These changes of hair, or moulting, are always productive of more or less constitutional disturbance to the animal, affecting his health, and frequently requiring the attention of his owner. While the horse is shedding his hair, efforts to hasten the process are improper; and the old hair should not be removed until the young is prepared to take its place. Rubbing down, to remove the loosened coat, and giving a slight friction of the skin, is admissible, but at this time the curry-comb or card should be banished from the stable. At this period there is always more or less fever, and any treatment that can add to the irritation of the skin must be carefully avoided. Farmers in general pay little attention to their animals at this season, and their horses not unfrequently suffer in consequence of this neglect in the way of colds, distemper, loss of flesh, &c

Horses that are kept in warm stables at all times of the year do not have that variation in the thickness of coat during the winter or summer, that occurs to those exposed to the vicissitudes of our climate. They resemble in this respect the animals of a warm climate; but experience shows that such warm housing is unfavorable to their general health, and that when exposed to the cold of our latitudes, they suffer far more than those animals do that have been inured to exposure, and their hair has become adapted to its exigencies.

Horses that are suffered to lie in pastures after cold weather comes on, instead of having their hair short and smooth, have it longer and thicker, and of course, standing out more in the manner of fur-producing animals during the season. Such animals, when afterwards put in the stable, though the appearance of the coat may be improved, cannot be made to look like those taken up before the thickening of the coat for winter begins. Farmers, and others, therefore, who are nice about the appearance of their horses, must take them from the pasture to the stable as soon as the fall moulting commences; those who regard his comfort more than this appearance, will permit sufficient exposure to thicken his coat and prepare him to meet the blasts of winter without injury.

Genesee Farmer.

## RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - Lafayette Course, J. C. Meeting, 27th Jan.
" " Hampton Course, J. C Meeting, 13th Jan.
IRWINTON, Ala. - - - Harrison Course, J. C. Meeting 4th Tuesday in Feb.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th March.
MARIANNA, Fla. - - - Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 1st Tuesday in Feb. next.
RALEIGH, N. C. - - Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday in April next.
TALLAHASSEE, Fla. - Jockey Club Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 8th Jan.
TUSCUMBIA, Ala. - - Franklin Co. Course, Spring Meeting, 1st week in May next.
WASHINGTON, D. C. - Washington Course, Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday in May next.
WAYNESBORO', N.C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday in April next.

## Stallions for 1840.

☞ *Notices like the following (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season or Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail (to the amount of Twenty dollars) in this paper, no charge will be made.*

ARGYLE, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, at Wm. Smith's plantation, Laurens District, S. C., at $50.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Clarksville, Tenn., limited to 55 mares at $60 and $70. Address James McClure & Co.

IBRAHIM PACHA, *Imported*, of the pure Bedouin Arab stock, at J. G. Smith's Solitude Farm, 4 m. south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tenn., at $50 to insure.

MONARCH, *Imported*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, at Col. Wade Hampton's Woodland's Estate, near Columbia, S.C., under direction of Wm. A. Stewart, at $100.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at E. H. Blackburn's, Woodford Co., Ky., between Lexington and Frankfort, at $100.

SHERIFF PACHA, *Imported*, of the pure Syrian Arab stock, at J. G. Smith's Solitude Farm, 4 m. south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tenn., at $75 to insure.

SHADOW, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian, at N. B. Luse's Brick Stable, Morristown, N.J., near the Morris and Essex Rail Road, at $10.

### The "Discipline" of the London Horse "Repositories."

"The head ostler, or some one commissioned by him, walks through the stables of these repositories many times in a day, armed with a heavy whip, which he forcibly applies to almost every horse. The horses in consequence of this, listen for the distant sound of human steps, and are on the alert, and shift their posture at the approach of every individual. This state of apprehension and alarm passes for a display of spirit, of which the poor creature has scarcely a particle left. In addition to this, the continual shifting posture may hide some blemish or unsoundness that would otherwise b observed. The more completely the animal is worn down, the greater is the torture applied. In proportion to the debility is the stimulus. This is the almost constant practice.

"On the morning of sale, on most of the horses, and those especially in which there is something to hide—groggy horses, perhaps, more than any others—this discipline is repeated with additional severity. 'I once,' says John Lawrence, 'saw a poor mare, stone blind, exquisitely shaped, and showing all the marks of high blood, unmercifully cut with the whip about a quarter of an hour before the sale, in order to bring her to the use of her stiffened limbs. I saw the tears actually dropping from her sightless eyes.' A friend of ours tells us, that, a little while ago, in one of these sinks of infamy, he saw an old fellow on his knees before one of the horses. He was beating him with a short stick on the most sensitive places—the shin bones and the tendons. The horse had been brought there decidedly lame, and it was hoped that this torture over the whole limb might give him a quickness of action that would conceal the original disease.

"There is one practice for which no terms of reprobation are sufficiently strong. A horse is brought for sale, lame on one foot. The other shoe is taken off, and a horse bean, or small pebble, or bit of iron, is inserted between the foot and the shoe, which is then nailed on again. This is called 'beaning' a horse.

"The presence of this hard body between the shoe and the sole soon gives excessive pain; and the horse is as lame on that foot as on the other. This, however, disappears, or is lost in the agony which the poor creature endures from the 'firing' or horrible flagellation which he undergoes before he is taken from his stall to be exposed for sale. And are there brutes in human shape who can be guilty of atrocities like these? It is the practice of every day; and there are plenty of smiths to be found degraded and base enough to lend themselves to this horrible barbarity. If the master will not be seen in the transaction, there is no difficulty in bribing the man. Is there no law that will reach enormities like these? Would not the appointment of inspectors over these establishments restrain a portion, at least, of the evil?

"A case lately happened. A mare was sent to one of these establishments to be sold. She had some good points about her, but she had lopped ears What was done? A fine seton was inserted, reaching across the poll from one ear to the other, the ends being concealed in the inside of each ear. She then carried a decent kind of ear. This mare was sold for a greater sum than she would otherwise have produced, and some days passed before the trickery was discovered.

"Smithfield is a still more horrible place than the common horse repository. The *firing* is never omitted there; but it is conducted in a very different manner. The Smithfield horses are generally a stage nearer their end than those that are sent to the repository; and, consequently, a still greater degree of cruelty is necessary in order to arouse them to the false appearance of spirit. The marks of the whip so savagely applied as it must be, would be visible, and excite suspicion; the miscreant, therefore, takes his ash plant, of its full size and weight, and that will reach from the haunch to the shoulder, and, standing behind the horse, belabours him with all his might. Perhaps two of them are employed in the same diabolical way. The loins and back are beaten almost to a jelly; but no weals are seen. The poor sufferer afterwards starts at sight of the ash plant, and is all in motion if the weight of a finger is laid upon him. Plenty of ginger is then used, and he is led into the market. The pain of the beating and the dread of its repetition keep him sufficiently on the alert for the requisite time; but he probably will be scarcely able to drag his limbs out of the stable on the following day.

"Here too, as in the repository, the animal fares ill inverse ratio of his value. If he has good points about him, he, perhaps, after a certain degree of *firing*, takes his chance; but on the worn-out wretch the ingenuity of demons is sometimes exerted, in order to prodnce the requisite degree of excitation."

The suggested appointment of inspectors calls for immediate attention.

Youatt

*Whimsical.*—A few days ago a bull was placed in charge of two persons, which, in journeying to Dumfries, entered a field and assaulted a peaceful bullock so rudely that the animal had to be killed. He then escaped from his keepers, and trudged along the road at whatever pace he pleased. By this time it was getting dark, and a person moving in an opposite direction, on hearing footsteps approaching, sung out "Hoo's a' wi' you? I thought you'd hae met me afore this." This challenge the saucy animal instantly accepted, and tossing his shaggy head, sent the luckless wight heels over head into a ditch situated at several yards distance. The blow was attended with stunning effects, and when the man recovered so far as to be able to gather himself together, he exclaimed right piteously, "Ye d——d scoundrel; d'ye mean to drown me!"

Dumfries Courier.

### SWEEPSTAKES, OAKLAND HINDS COUNTY, Miss.

SWEEPSTAKES for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to run Fall of 1841, Mile heats; subscription $200 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race. Now 4 subs., viz:
1. Col. C. V. Hicks names produce of a Pacolet mare and Anvil.
2. P. G. Johnson names produce of an Imp. Philip mare and Stockholder.
3. A. Johnson names produce of a Hannibal mare and Stockholder.
4. W. T. Dillon names produce of an Anvil mare and Imp. Leviathan.

Jan. 4-1t W. T. DILLON, *Sec'y and Prop'r.*

### IRWINTON JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Races over the *Harrison Course*, near Irwinton, Ala, will commence on the 4th Tuesday in February, 1840, and continue five days; free for all horses.

The Purses, which will be good, will be hung up at the Stand, each day, in *State money.*

Irwinton, Ala., 21st Dec., 1839.—[jan4-5t] C. SPRAWL, *Proprietor.*

### THE BEDOUIN ARAB, IBRAHIM PACHA.

THIS beautiful Arab horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from the Neapolitan Consul at Joppa, Palestine, in the summer of 1835, and imported by him in the corvette John Adams, August, 1836. He is a dark iron grey, with a silvery mane and tail, is 15 hands high, and seven years old; he is closely and compactly formed, with elastic and graceful gait, shewing the sinew and muscle so peculiar to the famous Merlano breed.

*Pedigree.*—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Jerusalem, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

We, the undersigned, do declare that the horse which Mr. Elliott, Ameriban Commodore, bought from us, is a Merlano of the Bedouin horses, of the race of Sirbaa, and in consequence, this declaration is written for the Commodore, so that he may be satisfied that the said horse is really Bedouin; in faith of which we give the present affirmation.

Signed ACHMED EL SAID MASTAFANI.
Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher. 1252. ACHMED EL EBAB.

I, the undersigned, do testify that the horse above mentioned, which Commodore Elliott bought at Joppa is a Bedouin horse, of a famous Merlano race, and in consequence I hereby give the present testimonial.

[SEAL] MURAD ARTIN.
Jucaricato, as American Consul for Joppa and Jerusalem.
Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252.

Ibrahim Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $50 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis; grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liability for accidents or escapes.

Solitude Farm 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23] J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.

## AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE
### FOR JANUARY, 1840.

THE 1st No. of this work was published on the 1st of January, 1839, from the Office of the "Spirit of the Times," corner of Broadway and Barclay street. This number is embellished with a very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engraving. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS.

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES XII., on Steel by Dick, after Herring.
SPLINT USED FOR FRACTURED LIMBS OF HORSES; on Wood by Childs.

CONTENTS.


To Readers and Correspondents, Etc. ... 2
Charles XII., Winner of the Great St. Leger Stakes, 1839. ... 3
The Death of Medoc; By the Editor ... 3
Another Remedy for Bots in Horses ... 6
Splint used for Fractured Limbs of Horses; by Dr. Miller ... 7
Fire Island Ana; By "J. Cypress, Jr." ... 11
The "New Theory of Stallions"; By "Pendleton" ... 16
A Wolf-Hunt on the Warwick Hills, By "Frank Forester" ... 17
How to Buy a Horse. No. VII. By an Amateur ... 25
The Opinions and Exploits of Tom Trigor; By "Ben Bullit" ... 33
Price of Stallions—Priam, Tranby, Etc.; By "J." ... 42
The Distemper in Dogs; By A Sportsman ... 45
Turf Register ... 47
Addition to the Stock of William Gibbons, Esq. ... 47
Continuation of the Stock of W. E. and M. R. Smith ... 48
Stock of David D. Schamp, Esq. ... 47
Stock of R. C. Hilliard, Esq. ... 48
Pedigree of Nitocris ... "
American Racing Calendar, 1839. Races at
Broad Rock, Va., Fairfield Course ... 49
Columbus, Ga. ... "
Raleigh, N. C. ... "
Fulton, S. C. ... 50
Hopkinsville, Ky. ... "
Oxford, N. C. ... 51
Cynthiana, Ky. ... "
Livingston, Ala. ... 52
Harrison County, Ind. ... "
Greenville, S. C. ... "
Mecklenburgh, Va. ... 53
Frankfort, Ky. ... "
Moscow, Ky. ... 54
Beans' Station, Tenn. ... "
Greensboro', Ala. ... 54
Columbia, Tenn. ... 55
St. Louis, Mo ... 56
Huntsville, Ala. ... "
Campbell's Station, Tenn. ... 57
Sulphur Spring, Ky. ... "
Little Rock, Arks. ... "
Columbus, Miss. ... 58
Clarksville, Tenn. ... "
Florence, Ala. ... "
Columbia, S. C. ... 59
Tuscumbia, Ala. ... "
Opelousas, La. ... 60
Fairfield, Va. ... "
English Racing Calendar, 1839. Races at
Newton ... 38
Curragh June Meeting ... 40


WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, January 4 1840.

### FIFTEENTH VOLUME OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

THE January number of the KNICKERBOCKER (1840), commenced the FIFTEENTH VOLUME of that periodical. The work has been so long before the public, and such has been its constant increase in repute and circulation, that little is deemed necessary to be said in relation to its character, which is now thoroughly established in America, and widely and favorably known abroad. As a new volume, however, affords a starting point for new readers, it may be proper to say, that it is the aim of the Knickerbocker to reach nearly every division of general literature, and to comprehend in its ample though transient survey, a wide range of amusement and instruction. It has presented, and will continue to present, interesting articles, illustrating American society, the times, manners, etc; entertaining records of travel, foreign and domestic; humorous stories and sketches; tales of the sea, of pathos, and of real life; poetry, and legends and essays upon numerous and varied themes: with occasional brief articles, of a more solid description, intended to refresh the minds of the curious and the learned; to stimulate inquiry in the young; and to excite *in all* trains of profitable reflection, and give stimulus to thought. In short, the divine, the moralist, and the statesman; the humorous observer, and the interpreter of nature; the poet and the novelist, have made and will continue to make the Knickerbocker the repository of their various treasures.

Among the many writers who have contributed original articles to this Magazine, from its commencement, including matter in store for the fifteenth volume, will be found the following; and it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that *no* periodical, native or foreign, can exhibit so distinguished a galaxy of high and various talent. It should be added, moreover, that the most eminent of these contributors are not the least frequently encountered in the pages of the Knickerbocker. Mr. IRVING has had an average of three articles in the different departments of each number of the work, since his permanent connexion with it: Mr. COOPER followed up his first paper with others equally spirited; and it may well be doubted whether Mr. BRYANT has ever penned finer lines than "The Prairies," "The Arctic Lover to his Mistress," and his magnificent poem, "The Winds;" or whether Professor LONGFELLOW has ever exceeded his several beautiful "Psalms of Life;" or Mr. WARE his voluminous "Letters from Palmyra," and "Letters from Rome;" all of which had their origin in the Knickerbocker:—

Washington Irving,
William C. Bryant,
J. Fenimore Cooper,
Hon. J. K. Paulding,
Charles Dickens (Boz),
Fitz-Greene Halleck,
Prof. H. W. Longfellow,
Miss C. M. Sedgwick,
Rev. Timothy Flint,
Nicholas Biddle, Esq.,
Robert Southey (Eng.),
J Sanderson ("American in Paris,")
Rev. Wm. Ware ("Palmyra Letters,")
Hon. Lewis Cass,
Capt. F. Marryat (Eng.),
J. H. Stephens ("Incidents of Travel,")
Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer,
Rev. Orville Dewey,
Hon. R. M. Charlton (Georgia),
James G Percival, Esq.,
His Excellency William H. Seward,
Willis Gaylord Clark, Esq.
Hon. R. H. Wilde (Georgia),
"Harry Franco,"
W. Gilmore Simms, Esq.,
Mrs. L. G. Sigourney,
Rev. Dr. Bethune (Phila.),
Miss Leslie, "
W. D. Gallagher (Ohio),
Hon. Judge Conrad (Phila.)
Dr. O. W. Holmes (Mass.),
Joseph C. Neal, Esq., (Pa.)
Prof. Hitchcock (Miss.)
Mrs. E. C. Embury,
Hon. D. D. Barnard,
Mr. Catherwood, Oriental Traveller,
Ch. Justice Mellen (Maine),
Robert Burts, U. S. N.,
S. D. Dakin, Esq.,
Rev. Mr. Gannett (Mass.),
Mrs. Gilman (S. C.),
E. T. T. Martin, Esq.,
Wm. E. Burton, Comedian,
H. W. Ellsworth (D. C.),
Rev. Dr. Beasley (N. J.),
H. R. Schoolcraft, Esq.,
Tyrone Power, Esq., Comedian,
Rev. J. Pierpont (Mass.),
Hon. G. C. Verplanck,
Col. T. S. McKenney (U. S. Service),
Rev. Henry Bascom (Ky.),
Charles Sprague, Esq,
Park Benjamin, Esq,
Theodore S. Fay, Esq.,
Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler,
Hon. Chancellor Kent,
Rev. Walter Cotton, U. S. N.,
President Duer (Columbia College),
Joseph Barber, Esq.,
Miss H F. Gould (Mass.)
Miss Landon (Eng),
Hon. Judge Hall (Ill.),
William L. Stone, Esq.,
Rev. Dr. Brantley (S. C),
Nathaniel Hawthorne (Mass),
Rev. W. B O. Peabody "
Charles Anthon (Columbia College),
Alfred B. Street, Esq. (N Y),
Prof. Ingraham (Author of "Lafitte"),
Consul G. W. Greene (Rome),
James Brooks, Esq.,
Rev. Dr. Spring,
J. H. Hillhouse, Esq.,
Robert C. Sands, Esq.
R. M. Bird (Author of "Calavar"),
Professor Felton, (Mass.),
Stacey G. Potts, Esq. (N. J.)
J G. Whittier,
William Pitt Palmer, Esq.,
Dr. Caruthers (Va.)
Prof. Rock (N. Y.),
Miss M. A. Browne, (Eng.),
Hon. Chas. Miner (Pa.),
Dr. A. Brigham (Conn.),
Edward S. Gould, Esq.,
Charles Hoffman, Esq.,
Mrs. E. F. Ellet (S. C.),
Rufus Dawes, Esq.,
Hon. B. W. Richards (Phila.),
Grenville Mellen, Esq.,
Horace Greeley, Esq.,
Rev Dr. Pise (New York),
George Lunt, Esq.,
R. B. Tatcher, Esq. (Boston),
W. C. Redfield, Esq. (N. Y.),
H T. Tuckerman, Esq. (Mass.),
Dr. Caleb Ticknor,
W. H. Simmons,
Rev. Dr. Schroeder (N. Y.),
W. A. Rogers, Esq. (Del.)

☞ The business department of the Knickerbocker Magazine (having changed hands by the purchase of the interest of Mr. C. M. EDSON, one of the partners of the late firm of CLARK & EDSON), will hereafter be conducted by Mr. JAMES T. DEAN. By this change, the complaints which have occasionally been made—not, it must be admitted, without sufficient cause—of unavoidable irregularly in the publication of the work, will, after the issue of the January number, entirely cease; arrangements having been made to insure the prompt publication and circulation of each number, both in city and country, by the first day of every month. The editorial department remains unchanged. Jan. 4—2t

### AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES POSTPONED.

IN CONSEQUENCE of the recent afflictions upon the city of Augusta, the proprietors of the *Lafayette Course* deem it proper to postpone their annual December Meeting until the 27th of January next, at which time fine sport may be expected.

*First day*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft. To which are the following subscribers:—

1. Col. W Hampton names Imp. b. c. *Sovereign*, by Emilius, out of Fleur de Lis by Bourbon.
2. Also, br. f. by Argyle, out of Pocahontas.
3. Jos. H. Towns' names br. c. *A. J. Lawson*, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Kitty Fisher by Gallatin.
4. Col. J. Crowell names br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of a Sir Hal mare.
5. R. D. Glover names ch. c. by Contention, out of an Eclipse mare.
6. G. Edmonson names ch. f. by Andrew, out of a Gallatin mare.
7. John Morrison's b. c. *Tom Smith*, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Betsey Richards.

*Second day*—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
*Third day*—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
*Fourth day*—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
*Fifth day*—Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5. Dec. 28.

### FRANKLIN HOTEL, TUSCUMBIA, Ala.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he has opened the above establishment for the reception of Ladies and Gentlemen. A share of the custom of the travelling community is solicited.

Dec. 28. L. G. GARRETT, *Proprietor.*

### S. J. SYLVESTER'S

STOCK AND EXCHANGE OFFICE, is *not* removed, but continues at 22 Wall Street and 130 Broadway, at which office he has been established for the last 15 years.

Uncurrent Money taken at the lowest market rates, and if sent from abroad, proceeds can be drawn at sight, or remittance will be returned according to instructions.

Collections—Notes and Drafts collected on all parts of the United States, Canadas, and Europe.

Drafts at sight for £5 and upwards, payable on any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, can always be obtained, as also Bills on Paris and Hamburg, or persons at a distance have only to remit the amount to S. J. Sylvester, with instructions, to ensure prompt attention.

Bills of Exchange, Bank of England notes, and all descriptions of Foreign Gold bought at the highest price.

Stocks, Corporation Bonds, and other secuties bought and sold. All communications must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER,

Dec. 28. 130 Broadway and 22 Wall street.

### IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.

Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20] C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.

### MOBILE (Ala.) SPRING RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING over the *Bascombe Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 10th March, 1840, and continue five days.

*Great Four mile Sweepstakes.*—On the first day, the one preceding the regular Jockey Club Races, will be run a great Four mile Sweepstakes, free for all ages, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., and to which the proprietor will add a splendid Silver Cup, valued at $500. To name and close on or before 1st March, 1840. Three or more to make a race. The following have already subscribed:—

R. H. Long. Wm. G. Haun. T. Watson.

*Second day*—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
*Same day*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft. Three or more to make a race. To name and close on or before the 1st Feb., 1840.
*Third day*—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
*Same day*—Proprietor's Purse $100, added to a subscription of $25 each, Mile heats.
*Fourth day*—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
*Fifth day*—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
*Same day*—Post Stake, free for all ages, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, P. P. To close on or before the 1st March, 1840.

☞ Entries for the above stakes may be forwarded to the Secretary or Proprietor.

The ensuing Spring Meeting promises to prove of most unusual attraction.

☞ Five or six of the best stables in the South West will winter in Mobile, and thus insure a large field for every race. The stakes are numerous and varied, the purses large, and the known excellence and quickness of the course will naturally attract vast numbers of horses to compete for them, thus ensuring fame and profit to the winners, with sport and excitement to the public.

DAVID STEPHENSON, *Proprietor.*
F. K. WEST, *Secretary.* Dec. 28.

### FOR SALE,

THE well-known Trotting horse AWFUL. For particulars apply at the New York Hippona, 65 and 67 Watt street. CODDINGTON & McMANUS.

New York, December 28, 1839.

### BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following choice stock, of pure blood and unexceptionable pedigree, is offered for sale, viz.:

No. 1. *Nancy Norwood*, (dam of Atalanta,) by Thornton's Rattler, out of a Bonaparte mare, she out of a double crossed Medley mare; now 14 years old, and in foal to Priam.
2. *Camilla*, out of Nancy Norwood by Sussex; now 6 years old, and open.
3. A bay filly, out of Camilla by Priam, now at the foot, finely pointed, and large of her age.
4. *Maid of Northampton*, a grey filly, out of Nancy Norwood by Autocrat, now 3 years old, and winner of the Maryland produce stake over the National Course in Oct. last.
5. *Violetta*, out of Lady Telegraph by Oscar Junior, now 4 years old, and in foal to Imp. John Bull.

Together with a number of others, male and female, of pure and undoubted pedigrees. As the pedigrees of this stock have long since been published both in the "Turf Register" and "Spirit of the Times," a reference to those papers will satisfy the most scrupulous of the entire purity and value of the lot. Any gentleman or company of gentlemen who may desire to purchase the lot, or any portion thereof, can obtain every information by addressing the subscriber through the Bladensburg post office, Maryland.

Dec. 16, 1839—[dec21] SAML. SPRIGG.

### SETTERS WANTED.

TWO very fine Setters are wanted at This Office. They must be well broke, young and handsome. Application may be made (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of The Spirit of the Times.

A well bred *Setter Slut* is also wanted, to breed from. She must have been a good performer herself, and from a well known stock. Dec. 21.

### TROTTING STALLIONS WANTED.

LIBERAL prices will be paid for two Stallions of fine size and good action, from which to breed superior Carriage Horses. It is not required that they should be thoroughbred, but they must be at least 15½ hands high, and able to trot a mile in four minutes. Bays would be preferred; any other color would not be an insuperable objection, provided they were fine in every other respect. Letters coataining a description, stating price, etc., will be attended to if addressed (post paid) to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times. Dec. 21.

### LEVIATHAN STALLIONS FOR SALE.

WACOUSTA, a dark chesnut, without any white, 15 hands 3 inches high, with great length and substance, foaled in 1832; was sired by the celebrated imported horse Leviathan, out of Lady Lightfoot by Oscar, g. d. Maid of Orleans by Cœur de Lion, g. g. d. Nancy Mason by Imp. Saltram—Wildair—Mercury—Apollo—Jolly Roger—Imp. Grenville mare.

**Performances.**

Nashville, May 26, 1835—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Seventeen subs. at $50 each, P. P. Mile heats.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| H. Kirkman's ch. c. *Wacousta* | 3 | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| T. A. Pankey's ch. f. *Alice Riggs*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Hope | 2 | 2 | 2 | r.o. |
| Jno. Bass' gr. f. by Richard | 6 | 5 | 3 | r.o. |
| J. Southall's b. c. by Stockholder | 5 | 1 | | dist. |
| L. L. Leavell's bl. f. by Childers | 1 | 3 | | dist. |
| R. Desha's gr. c. by Imp. Leviathan | 4 | 6 | | dr |
| Jas. H. Hough's ch. c. by Kosciusko | | | | dist. |

Time, 1:55—1:56—1:55.

Gallatin, Sept. 14, 1836—Jockey Club Purse $400, entrance $40; Three mile heats

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Jno. C. Beasley's bl. c. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs., 100lbs. | 1 | 1 |
| Jas. Jackson's ch. c. *Wacousta*, by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs., 100lbs. | 2 | 2 |
| A P. Yourie's b. c. *Balie Peyton*, by Bertrand, 3 yrs., 86lbs | 3 | dr |
| S. C. Franklin's ch. m. *Matilda Rush*, by Stockholder, 5 yrs., 107lbs. | 4 | dr |

Time, 7:15—6:58. Track very deep.

Nashville, Sept. 29th, 1836—Jockey Club Purse $760, with the entrance money ($300) added; Four mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Kirkman & Dickinson's ch. c. *Wacousta*, 4 yrs., 100lbs. | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| R. Smith's ch. f. *Fanny Bell*, by Murat, 3 yrs., 83lbs. | 1 | 3 | 2 |
| Ragland & Davis' bl. c. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs., 100lbs. | 2 | 2 | 3 |
| T. A. Pankey's b. h. *Harkaway*, by Merlin, out of Picton's dam, 5 yrs., 110lbs | dist. | | |
| John Crow's b. c. by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs., 100lbs. | dist. | | |
| L. P. Cheatham's b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Bagdad, 5 yrs., 110lbs. | dist. | | |

Time, 8:13—8:12—8:24. Track heavy.

Florence, Ala., Oct 27, 1837—Jockey Club Purse $300, entrance money ($60,) added; Two mile heats, best 3 in 5.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J. Jackson's (Kirkman & Dickinson's) ch. c. *Wacousta*, 4 yrs., 100lbs. | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| C. Cheatham's ch. c. *Osceola*, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, 3 yrs., 86lbs. | 2 | 2 | 2 |

Time, 4:05—4:01—4:06.

Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 9, 1836—Jockey Club Purse $600, entrance money ($120,) added Three mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jas. Jackson's (Kirkman & Dickinson's) ch. c. *Wacousta*, 4 yrs., 104lbs. | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Jno. Connally's ch. c. *Little Red*, by Bertrand, 4 yrs., 104 | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| S. Ragland's b. c. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs., 104lbs. | 2 | 3 | 3 |

Time, 5.56—5:51—5:59.

The second heat of this race was the fastest ever run over the Huntsville Course, the horses carrying 4lbs. over the usual 4 yr. old weights. After this he was taken from the Turf. Wacousta was never beaten except by the Leviathan horse Othello, whom he beat *twice* afterwards. Wacousta is a sure Foal getter, and his colts look as fine as his sire's.

Also, ONALASKA, br. c. 3 yrs, own Brother to Wacousta, 16 hands high, no white except small blaze in the forehead. He was very promising, and entered in several stakes; while in training, he took the distemper. He ran in his first Stake at Nashville in May last, which proved that the distemper had entirely injured him as a race horse. He will make a splendid stallion. Both the above horses we are willing to sell at fair prices, and on liberal time, viz., $4000 for Wacousta, and $2000 for Onalaska, at one and two years.

H. & J. KIRKMAN.

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 15, 1839.—[dec21-8t]

### MONARCH.

THIS celebrated Racer will make his first season, under the direction of Mr. William A. Stewart, at Col. WADE HAMPTON'S Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, South Carolina, and be let to mares at One Hundred Dollars the season, to be paid in every instance before the mare is served.

By reference to the sporting periodicals of the day, Monarch's extended pedigree and performances may be seen. During his short but brilliant career on the Turf, he has never encountered any thing either in *public* or *private*, that could afford him a trial. He was bred at Hampton Court, by his Majesty William IV., and was foaled in 1834. He was got by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker. He has started seven times, and never lost a heat.

Extensive Rye and Grass Pastures are provided for mares, with separate lots for such as may have young foals. Mares well fed at fifty cents per day, to be paid before they are removed. Such mares as may not prove in foal to Monarch the first season, will be entitled the second to a season gratis to him or such other horse as may occupy his stand. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur. Season to commence the 1st of February, and terminate the 1st of July.

Columbia, S. C., Dec. 1, 1839.—[dec21]

N. B. Black servants boarded gratis; having no accommodations for white ones, they must board in Columbia or elsewhere.

### PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, (Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Parmuky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to he above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times [jy13]

### SWEEPSTAKES, OPELOUSAS, La.

SWEEPSTAKES for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, to be run on the day previous to the Fall Meeting of 1840, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close 1st March, 1840; three or more to make a race. Now one subscriber, viz:—H. Carlin. [dec14]

Persons wishing to subscribe will address E. W. TAYLOR, *Sec'y.*

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

### DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.

Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.

For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street Albany. WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent.*

Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

### MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Beachland Course* will commence in future on the 1st Tuesday in May, and the 2d Tuesday in Sept. [oct26] W. J. STRATTON, *Proprietor.*

## BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

1. *Great Western*, bay filly, foaled on the 28th of April last, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Black Maria by Eclipse, entered in the $150,000 stake to be run over the Nashville Course in the Fall of 1843. This filly combines the stamina and game appearance of her dam with the beauty and finish of her sire.

2. *Darwin*, a ch. c. four years old, of fine size, by Sir Henry, (full brother of Mons. Tonson,) out of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, now in training.

3. Imp. ANNA MARIA, a ch. m. foaled in 1829, fifteen hands 1 inch high, by Truffle dam by Phantom, grandam by Walton, out of Allegranti, by Pegasus Her dam by Highflyer, out of Miss Squeezer, by Matchem, &c &c. See Stud Book. Anna Maria ran with success in Virginia, beating at Lynchburg, in September, 1833, 3 mile heats, Equinox, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Betsey Robinson, Walter Scott, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, and three others. Time 5 minutes 55 seconds, 5 minutes 59 sec. See Volume 5, Turf Register, p. 152. She also won the 3 mile day at Halifax, same year, beating Sir Walter Cook. See same volume, page 263. At the Spring Meeting, 1834, of the Lynchburg Course, she beat a fine field, four horses, Lucy Ashton, among others, 2 mile heats, at three heats, running the two last heats in 3 minutes 51 seconds, 3 minutes 51 sec., carrying 107lbs. At the fall meeting in September, 1834, she was beaten for the proprietor's purse at Lynchburg, 2 mile heats, running second to Tuskeno, in a field of four heats, running the last heat in 6m, but was beaten herself by Donna Maria, who was first, and by Tristam Shandy, who was second. This race was a test of strength and swiftness; Tuskeno was drawn, and Clare de Kitchen distanced, after the 3d heat. Anna Maria ran a good second in a four mile race with Trifle, and left the turf in high credit. Of her performance it is stated in the Turf Register, vol. 7, p. 453, on the authority of Col. White, who trained and run her, that she beat Pizarro, who beat Goliah, who beat all of his day, even the invincible Andrew. Pizarro also beat Tychicus, who beat Annette, who beat O'Kelly; she (Anna) beat Tyrant, who won at the city of Washington, 4 miles; she also beat Prophet, who beat the Ace of Diamonds, winner at the Central course; also Lucy Ashton, the best of the Gohannas; also Lady Lancaster, who beat Virginia Carey the winner at Baltimore. She beat Red Rover, who beat Bonnets o' Blue; also Sir Walter Scott, the winner of the stallion stakes at Tree Hill. Although she did not run at Baltimore or Tree Hill, she beat the winners at those courses, and so far from her performance being but *decent*, I consider it first rate, as would all impartial men. In speaking of her pedigree, Tattersall declares "a better bred mare cannot be." Anna Maria is now in foal by Imp. Philip.—Her produce—

4. *Harry Hill*, b. c. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, (Whalebone,) who competing with the best horses in England, was twenty-two times a winner, fourteen of which were four miles, carrying at 4 yrs. old 147lbs., and at 6 yrs. 166lbs. See Turf Reg. vol 6, p 277. Harry Hill is entered in the great Criterion Stakes, $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit, eighteen subscribers, to be run over the Nashville course in the Spring of 1841. He is a colt of good size, fine form and game appearance.

5. *Chesnut colt*, foaled in the Spring of 1839, by old Rattler.

6. *Columbia*, ch. m. foaled in 1828, by old Eclipse, and dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark, (this mare was full sister to Col. Alexander's O'possum, Goode's Twig, Fearnaught, Jolly Roger, Mark Anthony, Imp. Monkey. Col. Alexander, of whom I purchased Columbia, informed me that she started twice when 3 yrs. old, and though in bad condition, did herself credit, being second in each race; she was never trained afterwards; a purer pedigree cannot be found. Her yearling filly by Priam has been sold by me at $1000. She is now in foal by Imp. Philip. Her produce—

No. 7. *A Chesnut Colt*, by old Rattler, out of Columbia, by Eclipse.

No. 8. *Magnolia*, b. m., foaled in 1829, by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet, by Kosciusko, g. d. Blank, by old Sir Archie, out of Imp. Psyche, (see Eng. Stud Book, vol. 1, p. 232), by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Bab, by Bordeaux, her dam Speranza (a sister to Saltram), by Eclipse, out of Virago by Snap, her dam by Regulus, out of sister to Black-and-all-Black by Crabb, her dam Miss Slamerkin, by young True Blue, her dam by Lord Oxford's Dun Arabian out of the D'Arcy Blacklegged Royal Mare. This pedigree is not only unexceptionable but many of the dams were distinguished on the turf. Magnolia at 3 yrs. old started in a sweepstake, mile heats, at ——, in Georgia, in a field of 5 or 6, and distanced the field the 1st heat, fell lame, and was never trained afterwards. Juliet distinguished herself in a two mile heat race with Frantic and Sea Gull, winning the 3d heat in 3.51½, and losing the fourth by a few inches only. See 3d vol. of Turf Reg., p. 269. She also ran a good second in a 3 mile heat race with the distinguished Mons. Tonson, at Milton, N. C. Her dam, Blank, was distinguished on the turf, beating, among others, the celebrated Walk-in-the-Water, 4 mile heats, at Charleston. Bab, the dam of Psyche, had great celebrity as a racer in England. Magnolia is in foal to American Eclipse.—Her produce —

9. *Tumult*, a ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by old Rattler, fine size, very promising, now in training

10. *Berenice*, b. m., foaled in the Spring of 1829, out of Madame Tonson, dam of Mons Tonson, by Sir Archie, jr, a thorough-bred son of old Sir Archie, bred by Capt. Exum, of N. C., dam by Albermarle, grandam by Imp. Mousetrap, out of Dawson's Black-and-all-Black mare, she by Skipwith's Black-and-all-Black, her dam by old Mark Anthony—Apollo—Imp. Silver Eye—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Mary Gray. William Williams, Esq., of Davison Co., Tenn., the "Crofts" and "Panton" of the Turf Register, states that "the document containing the above pedigree now lies before me, regularly authenticated by oath." See 4th vol. Turf Reg., p. 570. No man had a higher reputation for truth than Capt. Exum, who gave the above certificate. Berenice is 16 hands high, and promises to perpetuate the fame of her dam as a brood mare. She is now in foal by Marshal Ney, a thorough-bred son of old Pacolet, and much in his mould, and was the sire of Linnet's dam Her produce—

11. *Tennessee*, b. f., 2 yrs. old last Spring, by Imp. Felt, the best son of Langar; she is 15½ hands high, one of the most beautiful 2 yr. olds of the season. Tennessee is entered in a 2 mile heat Sweepstake, to be run over the Gallatin Course in the Fall of 1840, $200 ent., $50 ft., 6 or 8 entries now in training.

12. *Irene*, b. f., 1 yr. old last Spring, by Anvil, very large and likely.

13. *Phantom*, b. c., 4 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of imp. Phantomia, dam of Anna Maria

14. *Itawamba*, ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet (Pantanelli's dam), g. g. d. by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley, Barry's Celer, &c.

BALIE PEYTON & Co.

Oct. 19, 1839. [Oct. 26.]

## CRITIC FOR SALE

THE subscriber wishes to sell this thorough bred, and one of the best sons of Eclipse, his engagements not allowing him time to attend to such stock.

Critic received an injury early in his racing career, and was withdrawn from the turf, when he was purchased by the subscriber at a high figure, for his own breeding stud, on account of the purity of his blood, and the excellence of his points. On the Turf he was not distinguished, nor had he a fair chance of being so. He was foaled on the 29th of December, 1829, and according to our rules had to carry one years' weight more than he would have carried, had he been foaled three days afterwards. Again, he was in the hands of a new turfman, who made his debut with Critic and another colt, and although it was acknowledged that he was hard to beat at training a trotter, he became fully satisfied, by awful experience, that it required a different system for a racer. Critic ran six races, from two to four mile heats, winning two and losing four, and receiving forfeit in a seventh.

As a stallion he has had no opportunity of distinction, but circumstances considered, he will not suffer by a comparison with any horse in the country. He has but five of his get living from bred mares. Two 4 year olds, two 3 year olds, and one 2 year old now breaking. The two 4 year olds have been run. One, although thought promising, has not been a winner. The other, Buck-Eye, has run five races. At 3 yrs. old he ran two mile heats, over the Upper Marlborough Course, in sand ankle deep in 5:50—5:49, beating Wonder handily the second heat, but the race was given to Wonder on account of the rider of Buck-Eye (at the instigation of some one in the crowd,) raising his whip to strike him, although ahead, which caused him to swerve from the track about two jumps, passing round a pole standing on a straight stretch, and the only pole on the track, although a circular one. Although Buck-eye lost ground by departing from the track, he thereby describing the arch of a circle while Wonder pursued a straight line, he beat him with great ease. It was offered immediately after to run Buck-Eye against Wonder, two mile heats, for from one to five thousand dollars, and not taken. It is not here intended to detract from the high reputation which belongs to Wonder, but to render to Buck-Eye that ample justice which was not accorded to him in the report of the race. He ran last Spring at Trenton, entirely out of condition, and was beaten mile heats. This fall Buck-Eye won the three mile heats at Norfolk in 5:50—5:56. At Washington City in two weeks afterwards, he ran the three mile day in 5:48, winning with ease, but in consequence of the rider of Buck-Eye having violated a rule of the club in running on the outside of the Course in the straight run home, the purse was given to the next best horse, although it was admitted by every one, owners as well as spectators that but for that untoward circumstance, no other horse in the race had any chance. The next week he won the four mile purse of $1000, over the Kendall Course, at Baltimore. The two 3 year olds before mentioned received their first galloping this fall, and have not yet appeared upon the turf. They are large and promising.

It is upon the aforegoing facts that I say no horse in this country has given better assurance of becoming a valuable and successful stallion than Critic. Critic is a fine chesnut over fifteen and a half hands high, with no white except a star and stripe down the face, of uncommon length, bone and substance, is a sure foal getter, and his colts are large and fine.

*Pedigree*.—Critic was got by Eclipse, his dam Shillings' Crop mare, by Eclipse Herod, (the dam also of Joshua,) g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. Grey, sometimes called Little Medley, g. g. g. d. by Tamerlane, g. g. g. g. d. by Imp. Juniper, g. g. g g. g. d. by Imp Morton's Traveller, out of the Imp. mare Selima.

Critic's dam was one of the best bottomed nags in Maryland of her day, and whenever the heats were broken at four miles, she rarely lost. Her sire, Eclipse Herod, ran forty-four races, and won thirty-six, among them the four mile heats at Leesburg, Va., for five years in succession, against Col. Hoomes' best horses. This advertisement has already spread over too large a space. Critic, 10 years old on the 29th of December next, in fine health and condition, is now at the farm of Caleb Dorsey, Esq., near Louisville, Ky., where he can be seen. He will be sold for cash, or upon a credit of one and two years with approved security. If not sold by the 15th of January, he will be let out in Kentucky, or return to Maryland to make his next season. For terms apply to Caleb Dorsey, near Louisville, Ky., or to the subscriber, directed to Canton, Madison Co., Mississippi.

[nov 23-tjan 15] CHARLES S. W. DORSEY.

The Louisville Journal will please copy the above, and send their bill to the Galt House directed to Caleb Dorsey.

## SWEEPSTAKES, MULBERRY COURSE.

SWEEPSTAKES of $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats, for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to be run Spring of 1842, over the Mulberry Course; five or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Jan., 1840. Now three subscribers, viz:

1. Jno. P. White names produce of Robt. White's Sir Charles mare and St. Leger.
2. Arthur M. Payne, not named.
3. Wm. L. White, not named.

Sweepstakes as above, for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, sub. $300 each, $1 ft.; six or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Jan., 1841. Now two subs., viz:

John W. Coleman. Wm. L White.

**Notice.**

ALL the subscribers to the Produce Stake to be run over the Mulberry Course Spring of 1841, are requested to report if their entries are alive, their color, whether colt or filly and all the particulars, that it may be published for the information of subscribers. Direct Secretary Mulberry Jockey Club, Fredericksburg, Va. -tjan]1n9

## MARIANNA (Fla.) J. C. RACES.

THE Annual Races over the *Marianna Course* will commence on the 1st Tuesday February next, and continue five days.

*First day*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats; three or more to make a race; to close the 1st day of Jan. next, and name at the post. Now one subscriber.

*Second day*—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.
*Third day*—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.
*Fourth day*—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.
*Fifth day*—Jockey Club Purse $250, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Ten per cent. entrance. Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Marianna, Florida. D. PITTMAN, *Proprietor*.

Marianna, Florida, Sept. 24, 1839.—[oct 12]

## KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

NO. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled markets. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16-tf]

## THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| James Jackson, | R. K. Polk, | Jas. W. Camp |
| T. Watson, | Samuel Ragland, | E. H. Boardman, |
| Lucius J. Polk, | Nicholas Davis, | George Elliott, |
| Wm. Hawkins Polk, | Jesse Cage, | G. W. Polk. |

**The Trial Stakes.**

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| James Jackson, | Lucius J. Polk, | Nicholas Davis, |
| Samuel Ragland, | William H. Polk, by } | E. H. Boardman, |
| T. Watson, | Lucius J. Polk, } | James W. Camp, |
| Willis H. Boddie, | R. K. Polk, | Hickman Lewis, |
| L. P. Cheatham, | Henry Dickinson, | George Elliott, |
| Saml Ragland, | Alex. Barrow, | Thos. Kirkman, |

Wm. Wynn names produce of Victoria and Picton (by Imp. Luzborough).

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

## SWEEPSTAKE, NASHVILLE.

WE, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, at the Fall Meeting of the Nashville Jockey Club, 1841, on the Saturday preceding the Jockey Club Races, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; to close and name on or before the 1st January, 1840. To be run under the rules of the said Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race. Address to HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| J. C. Guild | James Jackson. | Saml. Ragland. |
| Thos. Barry. | Jesse Cage. | George Elliott. [oct5] |

## SWEEPSTAKES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to come off over the *Washington Course* at the Spring Meeting of 1840:—

No. 1. Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $200 ft; four or more to make a race; Two mile heats; to name and close 1st of April, 1840.

No. 2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race; to close as above.

No. 3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race; to close as above.

This stake is confined to nags bred or owned in Maryland or the District of Columbia at this time. Entries to the above stakes to be addressed to the Proprietor.

The races over the Washington Course will as usual commence on the first Tuesday in May, and continue four days. Good purses will be offered, of which due notice will be given. WILLIAM HOLMEAD, *Proprietor*.

Washington, D C., Dec. 10, 1839.—[dec14]

## EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

## SWEEPSTAKES, RALEIGH, N. C.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over the *State Course*, as follows:—

No. 1. Sweepstakes for Spring of 1840, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Mile heats. To close 1st March. Four or more to make a race. Now four subs.

J. McLeod. | Hugh Rogers. | David McDaniel. | Maj. N. T. Green.

2. For Spring of 1840. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats. To close 1st March, 1840. Three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

3. For Fall Meeting of 1840. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1840. Ten or more to make a race. Now 8 subs., viz.:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| John White. | Jno. C. Rogers. | Robt. Chapman, by N. T. Green. |
| Thos. W. Rainey. | David McDaniel. | Wm. Townes. |
| Abner Robertson. | W. B. Cunningham. | |

4. Spring Meeting, 1841. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft. To name and close 1st day of Jan. next. Now 8 subs., viz.:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| George W. Polk. | David McDaniel. | O. P. Hare. |
| N. T. Green. | Col. McLeod. | W. Townes. |
| Jno C. Rogers. | Col. W. Hampton. | |

5. Spring Meeting, 1843. Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Mile heats. Now 9 subs. To name and close 1st of Jan., 1840.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| John M. Bryan. | Wm. McCargo. | Geo. Goodwyn. |
| John C. Rogers. | John White. | David McDaniel. |
| David McDaniel. | P. A. Prindle. | R. B. Cunningham. |

Jas. W. Williamson names produce of a Sir Archy mare and Benbow.

6. A Poststake for 4 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, with $500 added by the Proprietor, Three mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st of March, 1840. To be run at the Spring Meeting of 1840.

7. A Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, Four mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h ft. To name and close 1st July, 1840. Four or more to make a race. Now 2 subs. To be run the Fall Meeting of 1840. DAVID McDANIEL.

Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 4, 1839.—[dec14-3t]

P.S. The Races over the Raleigh State Course will commence on the 4th Tuesday April next, and over the Waynesboro' Course the 2d Tuesday in April next. D

## THE MONTGOMERY (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Bertrand Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1839, and continue five days.

*First day*—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats.
*Second day*—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
*Third day*—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
*Fourth day*—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
*Fifth day*—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday, 23d December, the following Sweepstakes will be run for—$300 entrance—named and closed the 1st day of May, 1839:

1. R. B. Harrison names ch. c. *Talley*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand.
2. M. Ashurst names b. f. *Susan Jenkins*, by Sir William.
3. David Stephenson names (for Messrs. Nott & Fearus) f. by Hocopoco.
4. Bat. Smith names b. c. *Matcham*, by Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella, by Shylock.
5. John R. Radick and Col. T. Watson name gr. f. *Fandango*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Gallopade, by Canter
6. A. M. Jewell and John Duncan name b. f. *Nightingale*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney.
7. Nath. Simmons names b. c. *John Carpenter*, by Pacific.
8. Gen Scott has also an entry in the same race, but it has been *mislaid* by the Secretary

[sept21] POLLARD BROWN, } *Proprietors'*
J. B. TAYLOR, }

## SWEEPSTAKES, OAKLAND COURSE, Ky.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Oakland Course, Ky., and to close on the 1st of January, 1840:—

1. GREAT WESTERN STAKE, free for all ages, sub. $3000 each, P. P., Four mile heats, to be run the last day of the Fall Meeting of 1840; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.

2. GREY EAGLE STAKE, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, P. P.; to run the first day of the Fall Meeting of 1840, Two mile heats; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.

3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to run the first day of the Spring Meeting of 1840; now 2 subs.

4. THE HOTEL STAKE, free for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, P P.; to name at the Post, the Proprietor adds $250 worth of Plate, Mile heats; now 4 subs.

5. GOLD STAKE, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Gold Cup value $500, Two mile heats; 20 to make a race; now 10 subs.

6. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub- $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Silver Plate, value $500, with the privilege of running a colt; 10 or more to make race; Two mile heats; to run the Fall Meeting of 1841

7. BREEDERS' PLATE, given by the Proprietor, value $100, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats. To this Stake no subscription is required; an entry failing to start must pay $20 ft., to be added to the plate; to be run the Spring Meeting of 1840; 5 or more to make a race.

Address the Secretary of the Louisville Jockey Club.

## THE SYRIAN ARAB, SHERIFF PACHA.

THIS splendid Arabian was imported by Commodore J. D. Elliott, in the Frigate Constitution, August, 1838. Sheriff Pacha is amongst the finest specimens of Arabian blood ever landed on this continent; he is a blood bay of rich color, 15 hands 1¼ inches high, 6 years old; his deep chest, bones, form, and strength of limb, according with M. Sue's description of the celebrated "Godolphin" Arabian, the Father of the English Turf. Sheriff Pacha having, however, superiority in size and color, as also in point of origin, he being a Nedjdi, the Godolphin but a Barb. This horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from an Egyptian officer in the Staff of Sheriff Pacha, Viceroy of Syria, in the summer of 1837, at Damascus, and was selected from a number in the Viceroy's stable.

*Pedigree*.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Beyrout, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

*Thanks be to God, the Creator of the Universe*. On this day, which is the blessed Sunday, 16th Iemad the first, 1251 of Hagira, Mustafa Aga, of Damascus, has purchased from Hagi Aly the Aleppine, the red horse called Nedjdi Arrawy, very well known to be from the Arabs of Atrah, and to his sire and dam a great many testimonials are given from the Arabs of Dawleh, the neighbors of the Arabs of Atrah. According to the testimony of every one of these faithful witnesses, who have given their names below, and who are honest and true, the said horse is a real Nedjdi, a descendant of his sire and dam the red mare Nedjdi; and he is delivered to Mustafa Aga in good and perfect health and condition, and the price has been paid to the owner to his entire satisfaction. Now the aforesaid horse has been delivered up to the possession and charge of Mustafa Aga as his lawful property. And this present contract has been written in the presence of the persons who have put down their testimony below.

Witnesses to the above— AHMED AGA ATHMAN (L. S.)
ABDEL KADER TUBBAA (L.S.)
EL SHAIK MOOSA (L.S.)

The foregoing is a true and faithful translation from the original in Arabic. In witness whereof. [SEAL] J. CHASSEAND, United States Consul.

Beyrout, 2d September, 1837.

Sheriff Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $75 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis, grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liabilities for accidents or escapes.

J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.

Solitude Farm, 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

## WATKINS & ASKHAM,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH TAILORS AND DRAPERS, No. 61 Nassau Street, New York, and 180 Regent Street, London. Uniforms and Fancy Dresses. Diplomatique and other Appointments. Prices extremely low for cash. [dec14]

## STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839

A. M. Jewe..

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by 4th of Jan., 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livingston, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL,
June 23, 8139.—[jy 13] Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

## IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

*Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares.* JAMES McCLURE & CO.

Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept21-5m]

## GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to
[Junel] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala.

## THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J C

## SOUTH CAROLINA ANNUAL RACES.

THE Annual Races over the *Washington Course*, near Charleston, S. C., will commence on Monday, the 17th February.

*First day*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. To which are the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names Imp. b. c. *Sovereign*, by Emilius, out of Fleur de Lis by Bourbon.
2. Also, Imp ch. f. *Actress*, by The Colonel, out of Miss Clifton by Partisan.
3. P. McRa names Imp. ch. f. by Langar.
4. Col. Singleton names Imp. f. by Priam.
5. Paul Fitzsimons names br. f. by St. Nicholas.
6. John Manning names ch. f. by Langar, out of The Balkan by Blacklock.
7. M. Seabrook names ch f. by Medoc, out of Sally Taylor.
8. Dr. Heyward names br. f by Imp. Nonplus, dam by Crusader, out of Roxana
9. Wade Hampton, Jr. names br. f. *Kate Seyton*, by Argyle, out of Pocahontas.
10. P. M. Butler names Imp. b. f. by Actæon, out of Scandal by Selim.
11. Jas. H. Adams names imp. ch. f. by Actæon, out of Ada, sister to Augusta.
12. Jas. B. Richardson names —— by Imp. Nonplus, out of Zoraida's dam.
13. G. Edmonson names ch f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin.
14. P. McRa names ch. c *Equinox*, by Gohanna, out of Janette, sister to Sir Charles.
15. John Woolfolk names ch. c. *Cusseta Chief*, by Andrew, out of Virago by Wildair.

*Second day*—Citizens' Purse, Three mile heats.
*Third day*—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
*Fourth day*—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.
*Fifth day*—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

The rule hitherto preventing horses starting for this race, that were not under 5 years of age, has been altered, so as to make the race free for all ages, carrying weight for age, as on the other days.

*Sixth day*—Handicap Race, Three mile heats.

# Play Bills for the Week.

**PARK THEATRE.**

THIS EVENING, Jan. 4—Last appearance of Mr. RANGER; 2d time, the Comedy of THE GENTLEMAN AND THE UPSTART; and a Farce in which Mr. Ranger will perform.

MONDAY, Jan. 6—First night of Mr. and Miss VANDENHOFF'S engagement; THE HUNCHBACK; Master Walter, Mr. Vandenhoff; Julia, Miss Vandenhoff.

TUESDAY, Jan. 7 Second night of Mr. and Miss VANDENHOFF; THE STRANGER; The Stranger, Mr. Vandenhoff; Mrs. Haller, Miss Vandenhoff.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 8—Third night of Mr. and Miss VANDENHOFF; for the first time in this theatre, the Drama of RICHLIEU; or, THE CONSPIRACY; Cardinal, Mr. Vandenhoff; Julia, Miss Vandenhoff.

THURSDAY, Jan. 9—Fourth night of Mr. and Miss VANDENHOFF.

FRIDAY, Jan. 10—Fifth night of Mr. and Miss VANDENHOFF.

**CONCERT HALL, ST. LOUIS, Mo.**

THE undersigned (Proprietor of the above establishment) wishes to make known to Professional Ladies and Gentlemen, Conductors of Exhibitions of a respectable character, &c. &c., who may be desirous of visiting the city of St. Louis, Mo., that they can be accommodated with the Grand Hall, 100 feet by 40, and 20 feet high—the Lecture Hall, 70 feet by 40, and other commodious rooms in the building, for Concerts, Lectures, Exhibitions, &c., &c., by the night or week, by applying to

WM. L. WELLS, at Concert Hall, Market st., St. Louis, Mo.

Dec., 1839.—[dec21-6t]

**THEATRICAL NOTICE.**

CINCINNATI, VICKSBURG, AND NATCHEZ THEATRES, under the direction of Messrs. Scott and Thorne.

The members of the profession are respectfully informed that the above theatres will be open during the ensuing winter.

Application for engagements (post paid) will meet with immediate attention, by directing to the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

N .B. None but artists of acknowledged talent need apply. [sept 7]

# Things Theatrical.

*The Park.*—CELESTE and Mr. RANGER have been playing this week to indifferent houses. For the benefit of the latter, on Thursday evening, a new comedy was produced, written by Mr. Ranger, entitled the "Gentleman and the Upstart." Mr. R. himself played *Chink*, the most important character in the play, admirably. The comedy consists rather of a series of sketches of character from life, than of an elaborate plot, bound together by the dependence of each incident and scene upon a formal plan. The pictures are from English life, with so much of nature in the more prominent parts, as to give them a universal interest. *Chink* is by far the best conceived and best sustained character. A cold, calculating, over-reaching scoundrel, who has amassed wealth on the Stock Exchange, he is suddenly seized with a thirst for fashionable distinction. With consummate assurance he elbows his way amidst lords and ladies, now cringing like the veriest sycophant, and then startling you by the atrocity of his insolence. He never loses his sordid appetite for money, even while disbursing his wealth with the greatest freedom to achieve a reputation for style; he lavishes piles of gold upon sumptuous entertainments for his titled friends, while he would cheat a hackman of a shilling fare. He is, withal, a coward of the first order; the animal instinct of love of life is so sharpened by his selfishness, that even shame loses all influence over him in an emergency, where life is in peril.

Such is the amiable *Mr. Chink*, the Upstart, who gives one of the titles to this little comedy. *Lord Pearl*, played with great dignity by PLACIDE, and *Leontine*, a poor author, assumed by CRESWICK, relieve the sketch of the money-lender, by enough of self-respect and courage to make the former piquant. Still *Chink* engrosses all the interest of the play. At the fall of the curtain, the applause was marked, and Mr. Ranger was called for spontaneously, and not by the forced, unwilling efforts of friends. He thanked the audience briefly, and retired. This is all we shall venture upon the first hearing of a play, written by a friend; when it has been repeated, and each actor is more familiar with his part, it may be worth while to say more of it, as one may then be better able to award its deserts.

Next week the VANDENHOFFS open at the Park. The fame of the father, as a tragedian of first-rate excellence—a classical and finished actor—is established in England and in this country. His daughter is the object of curious interest, and now that she is to play under circumstances altogether propitious, it may be possible to account for the singular discrepancy among critics, as to the beauty and force of her acting. In those external graces which lend such aid to the power of a correct personation of a character, Miss Vandenhoff is said to be unsurpassed on our stage; she cannot find an audience by whom so fortunate a circumstance is more liberally regarded, than that of the Park theatre.

*The Olympic.*—This theatre is said to be paying well. Whenever we have dropped in, it has been well filled, and with audiences very intelligent. The company is very strong in light comedy and farce; it would seem from the incessant peals of laughter and murmurs of applause, as if the humour of BROWN, and WILLIAMS, and MITCHELL, were better appreciated in this small house, than upon the old National stage. The price is low, and suited to the times; and we therefore advise "the town," one and all, to drop in upon them.

**THEATRICAL ON DITS.**

The most active of all stars terrestrial that we know of, is Mrs. FITZWILLIAM. She has now been in America about twelve weeks, and has played about sixty nights. This probably exceeds the exertions of any predecessor on our stage: for to play this number of nights, there has been a deal of travelling, from New York to Boston and Philadelphia, and back again.

The distinguished vocalists of the Park theatre are at last in town, recruiting for their next engagement, which follows close upon the Vandenhoffs! We hope then to hear one or two new operas, although our belief is that, with two or three exceptions, we never shall hear anything better than many of those which are already familiar upon our stage.

In Boston, Mrs. Fitzwilliam was even a greater favourite than in New York. For her benefit the other day, the house was crammed, the receipts being upwards of $1100. Since her Boston engagement, she has played three nights at Providence, and on Monday she opens in Baltimore. In the course of the following month she will play her third engagement in New York, and then start upon an extended Southern tour.

The success of no individual upon the stage could give more satisfaction than does that of this lady. She is everywhere a marked favourite, by her sole attraction drawing houses like POWER himself—who beat any single predecessor in these latter days. Had we room, it would amuse the reader to peruse the enthusiastic notices which the Boston press gave Mrs. F. Were you to surmise her age from the warmth of their encomiums, seventeen would be a month too old for her.

*Concerts.*—The Euterpian vocalists from Boston gave their second Concert on Thursday last, at the City Hotel, and we are pleased to learn that the attendance was good, amply repaying them for their labor. On the previous evening we had heard them to great advantage at the Astor House, where a thronging table (it being New Year's day), had manifested the warmest admiration. On Monday next, they give a third Concert at the Stuyvesant Institute, so that the residents in the upper part of the city have now no excuse for neglecting so refined an amusement.

MADLLE. RACHEL.—This actress is sufficiently recovered to afford the hope that she will re-appear at the Theatre Francais in the course of December. M. Delavigne's new tragedy will be produced before her re-appearance. Mad. Sand's comedy will not be played as announced.

PLAY BILLS.—A rich Hollander has collected all the play bills of all the theatres in the world for the last twenty years, which he has bound up with notes, &c. By these documents it appears that "Der Freischuts," by Weber. "Tancredi," by Rossini, "Robert the Devil," by Meyerbeer, have been the pieces most often represented during that period. Up to this time "Robert the Devil" has, it appears, by the archives of this Dutch amateur, been performed at one hundred and forty-four theatres.

# English Theatricals.

ADELPHI.—Last night, Nov. 20, a new spectacle was produced at this theatre, which gave room for a splendid display of arms and equipments, stated to "be the identical armor, dresses, &c., valued at upwards of £6000, worn at the tournament at Eglinton Castle." The piece, which is named "The Knight of the Dragon, and the Queen of Beauty," is an adaptation of Ainsworth's popular drama of "The Admirable Crichton," considerably condensed, to admit of the introduction of the magnificent procession and pageant with which it concludes, and which, indeed, presented one of the most brilliant *tableaux vivants* which we ever witnessed. The applause was most enthusiastic. The admirable Crichton (the Knight of the Dragon) was performed by Mr. Lyon with great spirit and effect. The Queen of Beauty was personated by Miss Lee, who looked truly queenlike in her ermine and emblazonry, seated on her palfrey, and surrounded by her knights. Her dress, if not "identical" with that of Lady Seymour at Eglinton, was a fair and fitting counterpart, and became her admirably. Her maids of honor, and the ladies of the Court, were clad in antique costumes of similar striking styles. Mr. Yates performed Henri with great tact. He was clad in a fac-simile of the rich crimson and purple costume of "the King of the Tourney," and looked the character admirably. He was "every inch a king," and appeared to enjoy the success of the spectacle right joyously; and, in conclusion, stepped forward from the bridle reins of the Queen of Beauty's palfrey to announce the piece for repetition every night till further notice—"to hope that the public would now be convinced that the Adelphi could not only bring out a Jack Sheppard, but a spectacle worthy of the admirable Crichton." Our readers may well believe that with one hundred and fifty people grouped on the stage, after a grand procession around it, all in picturesque costumes, numbers in armor, and the principal personages on horseback, brilliantly illumined with colored lights, the entire could not fail to create "a grand sensation," and to be received most enthusiastically.

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of giving the following extracts from Sheridan Knowles's play of "Love;" whilst at the same time we feel the difficulty of selection where all is so excellent.

SECRESY.—CATHERINE.

Hush! secrets should be dumb to very walls!
A chink may change a nation's destinies,
And where are walls without one—that have doors?
Voice hath a giant's might, not a dwarf's bulk;
It passeth where a tiny fly must stop;
Conspiracy that does not lock it out
Fastens the door in vain. Let's talk in whispers,
And then, with mouth to ear.

DESERT'S REWARD.—CATHERINE.

When fetch'd desert its value and was poor?—
A hundred years ago?—but it was left
A legacy, and then they found it out!
The world, they say, is an old churl—'tis not.
Can you afford to feast, you shall be feasted;
You shall not dine at home one day out of three;
Nay, you may shut up house for bed and board.

SIGNS OF LOVE.—CATHERINE.

You are in love—I'll prove it by fifty things.
And first and foremost, you deny it, Sir;
A certain sign, with certain accidents,—
As dullness, moodiness, moroseness, shyness.
I'd stake my credit on one single fact
Thou bearest out to admiration—
A lover is the dullest thing on earth.
Who but a lover—or his antipodes,
A wise man—ever found out that the use
Of his tongue was to hold it? Thou must be in love,
And for one sovereign reason, after which
I'll give no other—thou dost follow me!

SIGNS OF A BACHELOR.—CATHERINE.

The chief a cautious eye,
And calculating. He that scans a fence
Doth seldom make a clever leap of it;
Nine times in ten he balks his spring, and falls
In the ditch; while he who takes it at a glance
Goes flying over. Women are shrewd imps!
Behoves a man he thinks not of their pockets,
When he is looking in their faces; for,
Wear he his eye ever so languishingly,
They'll find he's only working at a sum
In arithmetic.

LOVE'S OATHS.—COUNTESS.

Yes, oaths!
Thy life was all one oath of love to me!
Sworn to me daily, hourly, by thine eyes,
Which, when they saw me, lighten'd up as though
An angel's presence did enhance their sense,
That I have seen their very color change,
Subliming into lines past earthliness.
Talk of the adjuration of the tongue—
Compare love's name, a sound which any life
May pipe! a breath! with holy love itself!
Thou'rt not forsworn, because thou took'st no oath!
What were thy accents then? thy accents, Huon!
O! they did turn thy lightest words to oaths,
Vouching the burden of a love fraught soul!
Telling a tale which my young nature caught
With interest so deep, was conn'd by heart
Before I knew the fatal argument!

**MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.**

[From London papers of the 17th Ult.]

INDISPOSITION OF PAULINE GARCIA.—On Saturday, the 9th inst., she was to have made her first appearance in the character of *Rosina*, in "Il Barbiere," but on arrival at the doors of the Odéon, in Paris, it was announced to the crowds who flocked to hear her that she had been suddenly seized with indisposition, and that it was necessary to play Donizetti's "Lucia" in lieu of Rossini's opera. The money was returned to the disappointed amateurs, but those who had not been able to obtain tickets at the box-office were *minus* the extra sums they had paid to the speculators who had bought up the tickets, and whose motto is, "No money to be returned." A new buffo, Signor Campagrole, was to have appeared as Dr. Bartolo.

Thalberg has announced his farewell concert at Boston for Tuesday, the 19th. He will be assisted by Ernesta Grisi, Miss Lucombe, and Mr. John Parry.

Herr Schallen, leader of Strauss's band, is giving concerts at Glasgow.

Blagrove is at Exeter, with Miss Bruce, Miss Dolby, and Lindley. His concerts in the West of England have been well attended.

**PAINT AND NO PAINT.**

In one of Miss Mellons first London engagement's, the envied character of *Lydia Languish* was yielded to her endeavours; and as she had taken the utmost pains with the "study," so as to play her very best, she resolved that no negligence of toilette should mar her suitable appearance.

It was evident that the representative of *Lydia Languish*, the lovely, young sentamentalist, should heighten all her natural advantages, and hide deficiencies, in order to do justice to Captain Absolute's taste. Accordingly Miss Mellon while sweeping the train of her dress before the glass to see that it folded gracefully, was res lved that her skin should emulate the white satin near it: for, like all brunettes, the first requisite for beauty, in her estimation, was the possession of a fair, transparent complexion.

Sending her mother, therefore, to borrow Sir Anthony's hair powder box and powder puff, she enveloped her face, neck, and arms, in such a white coating as would have rivalled the faces of her friends the Staffordshire millers; over this came rogue in proportion, like the red current jelly on a shape of blanc-mange; until she scarcely looked human in her attempt to attain extra loveliness.

Thus arrayed, after a few more sweepings of her train, and shakings of the powder puff. she descended, and went through one or two acts, no one having had the good nature to tell her how completely she was disfigured; and as to herself, every time she looked at her alabaster reflexion in the glass, she was additionally delighted, to think that although the old king had sent a warning to Mrs. Siddons never to wear white paint, the present was quite a different case—*Lydia Languish* and *Lady Macbeth!*

At the end of the second act, Suett, who was to play in the afterpiece, called the "Embarkation," and had been witnessing the comedy from the house, "en amateur," came round to talk over the first part of it.

Going up to Miss Mellon, to whom he always told her faults, and gave friendly professional scoldings, he exclaimed "Why, Peggy, child, what a fright you have made yourself! your little nose, glaring with white, looks broader than it is long; and as for your fat cheeks, they look like two of your landlady's muffins. How dare you put on so much white paint, eh?"

Miss Mellon was quite indignant that he had accused her of a crime which she had not committed; so she replied (making a distinction without a difference.) "I never wore *white paint* in my life, Sir; and to-night I merely put on a little *white powder*."

"Well done, Peggy!" Suett replied; "both are meant to humbug, so the matter's equal; shall I tell you for what you are suited with that quantity of white and red? Just let me lengthen the corners of your mouth upwards, and then you will be ready to act as clown in the pantomine."

She was very angry, and gathered up her satin train to depart to her own room, her friend calling to her, "Go and wash your pretty face, Peggy; go and wash your nice, brown, merry face."

Too wise, even in her anger, not to take some opinions besides her own, she applied to the dresser, who had not witnessed the hair-powder addition. This experienced dame sided completely with the old actor; and Miss Mellon finding herself in the minority, wisely determined not to take the "powder as before."

Mahomet insists upon all the faithful performing daily absolutions, forgetting that half their days may be spent in a desert, where the means of doing so are not to be procured; thus making whole caravans cheat their conscience by pouring sand over themselves, pretending to fancy it is water. In like manner Miss Mellon's eccentric old friend desired her to *wash the powder from her face*; forgetting that, in all probability, it would decline coming off. In fact so it proved; she had put on such a quantity that, on the application of water, it formed itself into "vermicelli," whose little rolls adhered past all management to her face. Most heartily did she then wish she could see her unappreciated brown complexion looking no darker than usual; or else, that she could restore the white powder to its late mask-like appearance. But this was impossible, from the moisture of the underlayer; however, by dint of great exertion, she, and the sympathizing dresser, removed the most prominent portions, and applied a little fresh carmine; so she was ready when called, and with smarting red cheeks had to go through the concluding and best scenes.

When the play was ended the old actor came up, and peering into her face, said, "Why, Peggy, my child, you look as if you had been mixing your landlady's muffins now, and the paste had fallen all over your face. But you bear a scolding very well, Peggy; and you've played your character very well also. Now go home and eat some muffins, and remember my maxim, that those who chiefly please by arch expression and manner, should never act behind a mask of white paint, or, as you call it, *only a little powder*, Peggy, child!"

**MISS FARREN, COUNTESS OF DERBY.**

The decease of the first Countess of Derby was announced in the green-room on the 15th of March, 1797. She was the only daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, and had been married to Lord Derby twenty-three years.

This event, though long expected, threw Miss Farren into such a state of nervous depression as to render her unequal to continue her theatrical performance.

Lord Derby, according to his promise, came soon after the funeral to claim her hand, as a tribute of respect for her conduct; and it was arranged that she should take leave of the stage when her spirits were equal to the effort. On the 8th of April she appeared finally as Lady Teazle, to the most crowded house as yet seen in old Drury. Her spirits gave way in the last scenes, and when Mr. Wroughton repeated some few lines written for the event, her agitation was so great that Mr. King bore her off the stage.

Miss Mellon, with her warm heart overflowing, stood bathed in tears by the wing, and followed to the sofa where Miss Farren was placed. As the latter recovered a little, she was assisted to her dressing-room; and passing the weeping girl, addressed her kindly, and said, smiling, "So there *is* a way to cloud even YOUR enviable spirits."

On the 1st of May, six weeks after Lady Derby's death, the Earl's second marriage took place; and Miss Farren's amiable private career continued until her death in 1829, during which long interval she was loved and respected by the distinguished circle who gladly received her as an ornament.

Theatrical contemporaries are exceedingly jealous if old intimacies are not continued as usual by those who have been raised by marriage, forgetting that a woman who marries into a superior family can no longer have a choice of her own associates.

Great were the disappointments, therefore, when the new Lady Derby omitted sending wedding presents among her green-room friends. Miss Mellon (whose recent introduction had saved her from being excited by false hopes) was astonished at measures pursued to express covertly their anger.

Two very useful theatrical assistants are the call-boy and the dresser, as everybody knows; and these worthies were questioned regarding Miss Farren's liberality to them. The dresser, whose lawful wages were nine shillings weekly, had received one extra week's pay; and the poor little busy call boy, a donation of half a crown.

At this statement, the outcry against Miss Farren's parsimony rose to its full height; and every one had a story to tell, of which Miss Mellon (being the stranger) had to hear all the recitals.

It is not likely that Lady Derby could have been aware that such paltry sums were given to her attendants; they are too miserable even for parsimony. But it was a pity, for her name's sake, that she was not as careful of her servants as Miss Mellon, who, in 1815, when she retired, settled £30 per annum on her dresser for life, and something proportionably liberal on the call boy.

**ANECDOTE OF MR. COUTTS.**

"Mr. Coutts was a remarkably shabby dresser, however; so that the fault does not rest entirely on those who had charge of his wardrobe. He was a tall, thin, spare figure, and his clothes, always ill-fitting, bore that appearance of being 'rubbed at the seams' which reveals the 'business coat' of an office. He was often mistaken for an indigent person, and used to enjoy the mistake of all things. The following is one of many instances:—Mr. Coutts, from his too strict attention to the bank, felt his appetite diminished; and, in order to afford him a little exercise, his physician ordered him to walk daily after the bank had closed to a chemist's, who resided at some distance from the Strand, to have some tonic preparation made up. So quiet and unassuming was he in his manners, that he always made way for every one who came while he was at the shop, so that they might be served before him; and, with his fair, delicate countenance, spare frame, and very simple dress, no strangers guessed they were pushing aside the opulent Mr. Coutts A kind-hearted, liberal man, a merchant—who used to quit his counting-house about the same time that Mr. Coutts left the bank, and who had chanced to be in the chemist's shop several times at the hour when the latter came there—had remarked him, and, from his retiring, gentle appearance and actions, concluded he was a reduced gentleman, whose mind was superior to his means. Accordingly, this charitable merchant resolved to administer to the necessities of the shrinking, modest individual; and, one day, having sealed up a sum of money for the purpose, he went to the chemist's shop where he remained a length of time, waiting anxiously for the appearance of the latter, who, however, on that day did not come for the tonic, being probably too much engaged in distributing thousands.—The stranger being at length tired of waiting, and feeling ashamed of occupying a place in the shop so long, told the chemist how the absence of the pale, indigent, elderly gentleman had prevented his intended donation. The chemist in amazement said: 'And you really meant to offer pecuniary aid to that person, sir! Have you no idea who he is?' 'None,' said the other; 'but I conclude he is some gentlemanly man, in distressed, or, at least reduced circumstances.' 'You shall judge, sir, as to his circumstance; that unassuming, quiet individual is THOMAS COUTTS!'"

**NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;**

**A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE**

**WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.**

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839, enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced, which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

☞ Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest Mails, to its different Subscribers throughout the Union, the Canadas, and Texas, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission by Ship, to Foreign Ports. Subscribers in Great Britain, France, and the British West India Islands, can rely upon receiving their papers with as much regularity as if residents of this country.

☞ Extra copies of the LARGE ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL may be obtained at the Publication Office at *One Dollar* each; orders enclosing the money will be promptly attended to, and the Engravings, with or without the paper, will be sent to any section of the Union, so enveloped as to secure them from injury.

*Terms of Subscription and Advertising.*

For One Year's Subscription, $10 in advance. For Six Month's Subscription, $5 in advance
For Advertising One Square of 22 lines, first insertion $5—Each subsequent insertion $1.

No Advertisements will be inserted for a less sum than One dollar.

☞ Communications, if by Mail, should be addressed, post paid, to the Editor or left at the Publication Office on the Corner of Broadway and Barclay Street, in the American Hotel Basement.

E. L. GARVIN, Printer.